

BELL's
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. VI.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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EPISTLES
PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

I. c
II. n
III. h
IV. l
V. l
VI. l
VII. l
VIII. l
IX. c
X. v
XI. l
XII. F
XIII. l
XIV. y
XV. p
XVI. l
XVII. c
XVIII. a
XIX. G
XX. b
XXI. e
XXII. c
XXIII. M
XXIV. al
XXV. ta
XXVI. in
XXVII. L
XXVIII. b
XXIX. b
XXX. b

CONTENTS.

EPISTLES PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

	Page
I. THE Fleminead; or Female Genius	I
II. On the Female Right to Literature	17
III. To the Prince of Orange, on his passing through Oxford	24
IV. To Mr. Pope. By Walter Harte, M. A.	26
V. To Dean Swift, on his Birth-Day	29
VI. To the Right Hon. the Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley	32
VII. To a Lady, sent with a present of Shells and Stones	34
VIII. To a Lady, in answer to a Letter written in a very fine Hand	37
IX. To a Lady, on a Landscape of her drawing	40
X. To a young Lady who paints very well, &c.	43
XI. To Miss Charlotte Collins, of Winchester	45
XII. To a young Lady, with Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds	47
XIII. To a Friend. By Mrs. Carter	50
XIV. To Myrtillis. The New Year's Offering	53
XV. To a young Lady, on her playing upon the Harpsichord	57
XVI. To Mrs. Crewe	59
XVII. To the Rt. Hon. H. Pelham	61
XVIII. On the Royal Nuptials	64
XIX. On the death of K. Geo. II. and Accession of K. Geo. III.	68
XX. On the Marriage of King George III. and Q. Charlotte	73
XXI. To Mr. Whitehead, on his being made Poet-Laureat	77
XXII. To Mr. Garrick	80
XXIII. Nature to Dr. Hoadly	85
XXIV. To Mr. Garrick, on his erecting a Statue to Shakspeare	87
XXV. To Mr. Garrick, on receiving his Portrait painted by Mr. Dance	90
XXVI. To David Garrick, Esq. at Mount Edgumbe	92
XXVII. Mr. Garrick's Answer	94
XXVIII. Upon Mr. Mason's taking Orders	96
XXIX. To Mr. Garrick on meeting him at Mr. Rigby's	98
XXX. Mr. Garrick's Answer	100
XXXI. To Colonel (afterwards Lord) Clive	103
XXXII. Dennis to Mr. Thomson	105
XXXIII. To Sir Godfrey Kneller	106
XXXIV. To the Duke of Marlborough	108
XXXV. To Lord Carteret	111
XXXVI. On Sir Robert Walpole's Birth-Day	116

	Page
XXXVII. To his Grace the Duke of Argyll	118
XXXVIII. To the Author of a Panegyric on Mrs. G. Butler	119
XXXIX. By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Carlisle on his School-Fellows while at Eton	121
XL. To the Earl of Carlisle, occasioned by the preceding	124
XLI. To Mr. Congreve. By Mr. Steele	126
XLII. To the Author of Clarissa	129
XLIII. To Mrs. Bindon. By the Hon. Sir C. H. Williams, Bart.	134
XLIV. Mrs. Bindon's Answer	136
XLV. Sir Charles's Reply	137
XLVI. To a Lady	138
XLVII. To Lady Mary Chambers	139
XLVIII. To the Lady Marchioness Grey	141
XLIX. To a Lady, with a Present of Pope's Works	143
L. To a Lady. Sent her with Lord Lansdowne's Heroic Love	145
LI. To a Lady, with a Book of Morality	147
LII. To three amiable Sisters	149
LIII. To a young Lady, on presenting the Author with a Lock of her Hair	151
LIV. To a Lady making a Pin Basket	153
LV. To a Lady, with a Pair of Gloves	156
LVI. To a Lady, with a Bough of an Orange Tree	157
LVII. Written at the request of a Gentleman to whom a Lady had given a Sprig of Myrtle	159
LVIII. To a Lady, with a present of a Knife	160
LIX. From a Gentleman, on the late Anniversary of his Wedding-Day	162
LX. To a young Lady, on seeing her dance	164
LXI. To a Lady, on asking the author's opinion of Friendship	166
LXII. To a Lady. By the Rev. S. Henley	167
LXIII. To Lord Hervey. By M. De Voltaire	169
LXIV. A Birth-day Offering to a young Lady	170
LXV. To Corinna. By Lord Nugent	175
LXVI. To Camilla. By the same	176
LXVII. To Clarissa. By the same	179
Notes on Epistles Panegyric and Gallant	183

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EPISTLES
PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

EPISTLE I.

THE
FEMINEAD:
OR,
FEMALE GENIUS.

ADDRESSED TO
MR. RICHARDSON,
Author of Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLI.

SHALL lordly man, the theme of every lay,
Usurp the muse's tributary bay ?
In kingly state on Pindus' summit sit,
Tyrant of verse, and arbiter of wit ?
By Salic law the female right deny,
And view their genius with regardless eye ?
Justice forbid ! and every muse inspire
To sing the glories of a sister-choir !
Rise, rise, bold swain ; and to the listening grove
Resound the praises of the sex you love ;

Tell how, adorn'd with every charm, they shine,
In mind and person equally divine,
'Till man, no more to female merit blind,
Admire the person, but adore the mind.

To these weak strains, O thou ! the sex's friend
And constant patron, Richardson ! attend !
Thou, who so oft with pleas'd, but anxious care,
Hast watch'd the dawning genius of the fair,
With wonted smiles wilt hear thy friend display
The various graces of the female lay ;
Studious from folly's yoke their minds to free,
And aid the generous cause espous'd by thee.

Long o'er the world did Prejudice maintain,
By sounds like these, her undisputed reign :
“ Woman ! she cried, to thee, indulgent heaven
Has all the charms of outward beauty given :
Be thine the boast, unrival'd, to enslave
The great, the wise, the witty, and the brave ;
Deck'd with the Paphian rose's damask glow,
And the vale-lily's vegetable snow,
Be thine, to move majestic in the dance,
To roll the eye, and aim the tender glance,
Or touch the strings, and breathe the melting song,
Content to emulate that airy throng,
Who to the sun their painted plumes display,
And gaily glitter on the hawthorn spray,

Or wildly warble in the beechen grove,
Careless of aught but music, joy, and love."

Heavens! could such artful, slavish sounds beguile
The freeborn sons of Britain's polish'd isle?
Could they, like fam'd Ulysses' dastard crew,
Attentive listen, and enamor'd view,
Nor drive the Syren to that dreary plain,
In loathsome pomp, where eastern tyrants reign;
Where each fair neck the yoke of slavery galls,
Clos'd in a proud seraglio's gloomy walls,
And taught, that levell'd with the brutal kind,
Nor sense, nor souls to women are assign'd.

Our British nymphs with happier omens rove,
At freedom's call, thro' wisdom's sacred grove,
And, as with lavish hand each sister grace
Shapes the fair form, and regulates the face,
Each sister muse, in blissful union join'd,
Adorns, improves, and beautifies the mind.
Even now fond fancy in our polish'd land
Assembled shows a blooming, studious band:
With various arts our reverence they engage,
Some turn the tuneful, some the moral page,
These, led by Contemplation, soar on high,
And range the heavens with philosophic eye;
While those, surrounded by a vocal choir,
The canvas tinge, or touch the warbling lyre.

Here, like the stars' mix'd radiance, they unite
To dazzle and perplex our wandering sight :
The muse each charmer singly shall survey,
And tune to each her tributary lay.
So when, in blended tints, with sweet surprize
Assembled beauties strike our ravish'd eyes,
Such as in Lely's melting colors shine,
Or spring, great Kneller! from a hand like thine,
On all with pleasing awe at once we gaze,
And, lost in wonder, know not which to praise,
But singly view'd, each nymph delights us more,
Disclosing graces unperceiv'd before.

First let the muse with generous ardor try
To chase the mist from dark opinion's eye :
Nor mean we here to blame that father's care,
Who guards from learned wives his booby heir,
Since oft that heir with prudence has been known,
To dread a genius that transcends his own :
The wise themselves should with discretion choose,
Since letter'd nymphs their knowledge may abuse,
And husbands oft experience to their cost
The prudent housewife in the scholar lost :
But those incur deserv'd contempt, who prize
Their own high talents, and their sex despise,
With haughty mien each social bliss defeat,
And sully all their learning with conceit :
Of such the parent justly warns his son,
And such the muse herself will bid him shun.

But lives there one, whose unassuming mind,
Tho' grac'd by nature, and by art refin'd,
Pleas'd with domestic excellence, can spare
Some hours from studious ease to social care,
And with her pen that time alone employs
Which others waste in visits, cards, and noise;
From affectation free, tho' deeply read,
"With wit well natur'd, and with books well
bred?"

With such (and such there are) each happy day
Must fly improving, and improv'd away;
Inconstancy might fix and settle there,
And wisdom's voice approve the chosen fair.

Nor need we now from our own Britain rove,
In search of genius, to the Lesbian grove,
Tho' Sappho there her tuneful lyre has strung,
And amorous griefs in sweetest accents sung,
Since here, in Charles's days, amidst a train
Of shameless bards, licentious and profane,
The chaste Orinda rose; with purer light,
Like modest Cynthia, beaming thro' the night:
Fair friendship's lustre, undisguis'd by art,
Glow in her lines, and animates her heart;
Friendship, that jewel, which, though all confess
Its peerless value, yet how few possess!
For her the never-dying myrtle weaves
A verdant chaplet of her odorous leaves;

If Cowley's or Roscommon's song can give
Immortal fame, her praise shall ever live.

Who can unmov'd hear Winchelsea reveal
Thy horrors, spleen ! which all, who paint must feel ?
My praises would but wrong her sterling wit,
Since Pope himself applauds what she has writ,

But say, what Matron now walks musing forth
From the bleak mountains of her native North ?
While round her brows two sisters of the Nine
Poetic wreaths with philosophic twine !
Hail, Cockburne, hail ! even now from Reason's
bowers

Thy Locke delighted culls the choicest flowers
To deck his great, successful champion's head,
And Clarke expects thee in the laurel shade.
Tho' long to dark, oblivious want a prey,
Thy aged worth pass'd unperceiv'd away,
Yet Scotland now shall ever boast thy fame,
While England mourns thy undistinguish'd name,
And views with wonder, in a female mind,
Philosopher, divine, and poet join'd !

The modest muse a veil with pity throws
O'er vice's friends, and virtue's female foes ;
Abash'd she views the bold unblushing mien
Of modern Manley, Centlivre, and Behn ;

And grieves to see one nobly born disgrace
Her modest sex, and her illustrious race.
Tho' harmony thro' all their numbers flow'd,
And genuine wit its every grace bestow'd,
Nor genuine wit, nor harmony, excuse
The dangerous sallies of a wanton muse :
Nor can such tuneful, but immoral, lays
Expect the tribute of impartial praise :
As soon might Philips, Pilkington, and Vane,
Deserv'd applause for spotless virtue gain.

But hark ! what Nymph, in Frome's embroider'd
vale ?

With strains seraphic swells the vernal gale ?
With what sweet sounds the bordering forest rings ?
For sportive Echo catches, as she sings,
Each falling accent, studious to prolong
The warbled notes of Rowe's ecstatic song.
Old Avon pleas'd his reedy forehead rears,
And polish'd Orrery delighted hears.
See with what transport she resigns her breath,
Snatch'd by a sudden, but a wish'd-for death !
Releas'd from earth, with smiles she soars on high
Amidst her kindred spirits of the sky,
Where faith and love those endless joys bestow,
That warm'd her lays, and fill'd her hopes below.

Nor can her noble Friend escape unseen,
Or from the Muse her modest virtues screen ;

Here, sweetly blended, to our wondering eyes,
The peeress, poetess, and Christian rise :
And tho' the Nine her tuneful strains inspire,
We less her genius, than her heart, admire,
Pleas'd, 'midst the great, one truly good to see,
And proud to tell that Somerset is she.

By generous views one Peeress more demands
A grateful tribute from all female hands ;
One, who to shield them from the worst of foes,
In their just cause dar'd Pope himself oppose.
Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,
By Irwin touch'd with truth's celestial spear,
By her disarm'd, ye witlings! now give o'er
Your empty sneers, and shock the sex no more.

Thus bold Camilla, when the Trojan chief
Attack'd her country, flew to its relief;
Beneath her lance the bravest warriors bled,
And fear dismay'd the host, which great Aeneas led.

But ah ! why heaves my breast this pensive sigh ?
Why starts this tear unbidden from my eye ?
What breast from sighs, what eye from tears re-
frains,
When, sweetly-mournful, hapless Wright complains ?
And who but grieves to see her generous mind,
For nobler views and worthier guests design'd,

Admit the hateful form of black despair,
Wan with the gloom of superstitious care ?
In pity-moving lays, with earnest cries,
She call'd on heaven to close her weary eyes,
And, long on earth by heart-felt woes oppress'd,
Was borne by friendly death to welcome rest.

In nervous strains, lo ! Madan's polish'd taste
Has poetry's successive progress trac'd,
From ancient Greece, where first she fix'd her
reign,

To Italy, and Britain's happier plain.
Praise well-bestow'd adorns her glowing lines,
And manly strength with female softness joins.
So female charms and manly virtues grace,
By her example form'd, her blooming race,
And, fram'd alike to please our ears and eyes,
There new Conelias and new Gracchi rise.
O that you now, with genius at command,
Would snatch the pencil from my artless hand,
And give your sex's portraits, bold and true,
In colors worthy of themselves and you !

Now in ecstatic visions let me rove,
By Cynthia's beams, through Brackley's glimmering
grove ;
Where still each night, by startled shepherds seen,
Young Leapor's form flies shadowy o'er the green.

Those envied honors nature lov'd to pay
The briar-bound turf, where erst her Shakspeare lay,
Now on her darling Mira she bestows,
There o'er the hallow'd ground she fondly strows
The choicest fragrance of the breathing spring,
And bids each year her favourite linnet sing.

Let cloister'd pedants, in an endless round,
Tread the dull mazes of scholastic ground ;
Brackley unenvying views the glittering train
Of learning's useless trappings idly vain ;
For, spite of all that vaunted learning's aid,
Their fame is rivall'd by her rural maid.

So, while in our Britannia's beechen sprays
Sweet Philomela trills her mellow lays,
We to the natives of the sultry line
Their boasted race of parrots pleas'd resign :
For tho' on citron boughs they proudly glow
With all the colors of the watery bow,
Yet thro' the grove harsh discord they prolong,
Tho' rich in gaudy plumage, poor in song.

Now bear me, Clio, to that Kentish strand,
Whose rude o'erhanging cliffs and barren sand
May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bowers
Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,
Thy own Eliza muses on the shore,
Serene, tho' billows beat, and tempests roar.

Hail, Carter, hail ! your favorite name inspires
My raptur'd breast with sympathetic fires ;
Even now I see your lov'd Ilyssus lead
His mazy current thro' th' Athenian mead ;
With you I pierce thro' academic shades,
And join in Attic bowers th' Aonian maids ;
Beneath the spreading plane with Plato rove,
And hear his morals echo thro' the grove.
Joy sparkles in the sage's looks, to find
His genius glowing in a female mind ;
Newton admiring sees your searching eye
Dart thro' his mystic page, and range the sky ;
By you his colors to your sex are shōwn,
And Algarotti's name to Britain known.
While, undisturb'd by pride, you calmly tread
Thro' life's perplexing paths, by wisdom led ;
And, taught by her, your grateful muse repays
Her heavenly teacher in nocturnal lays.

So when Prometheus from th' Almighty Sire,
As sings the fable, stole celestial fire,
Swift thro' the clay the vital current ran,
In look, in form, in speech resembling man ;
But in each eye a living lustre glow'd,
That spoke the heavenly source from whence it
flow'd.

“ What magic powers in Celia's numbers dwell,
Which thus th' unpractis'd breast with ardor swell

To emulate her praise, and tune that lyre,
Which yet no bard was able to inspire !

“ With tears her suffering virgin we attend,
And sympathize with father, lover, friend !
What sacred rapture in our bosom glows,
When at the shrine she offers up her vows !
Mild majesty and virtue’s awful power
Adorn her fall, and grace her latest hour.”

Transport me now to those embroider’d meads,
Where the slow Ouze his lazy current leads !
There, while the stream soft-dimpling steals along,
And from the groves the green-hair’d Dryads
throng,
Clio herself, or Ferrar tunes a lay,
Sweet as the darkling Philomel of May.
Haste, haste, ye Nine, and hear a sister sing,
The charms of Cynthia, and the joys of spring :
See ! night’s pale goddess with a grateful beam
Paints her lov’d image in the shadowy stream,
While, round his votary, spring profusely showers
“ A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers.”
O happy nymph, tho’ winter o’er thy head,
Blind to that form, the snow of age shall shed ;
Tho’ life’s short spring and beauty’s blossoms fade,
Still shall thy reason flourish undecay’d ;

Time, tho' he steals the roseate bloom of youth,
Shall spare the charms of virtue and of truth,
And on thy mind new charms, new bloom bestow,
Wisdom's best friend, and only beauty's foe.

Nor shall thy much-lov'd Pennington remain
Unsung, unhonor'd in my votive strain.
See where the soft enchantress, wandering o'er
The fairy ground that Philips trod before,
Exalts her chymic wand, and swift behold
The basest metals ripen into gold.
Beneath her magic touch, with wondering eye,
We view vile copper with pure sterling vie;
Nor shall the farthing, sung by her, forbear
To claim the praises of the smiling fair;
Till chuck and marble shall no more employ
The thoughtless leisure of the truant boy.

Returning now to Thames's flowery side,
See how his waves in still attention glide!
And, hark! what songstress shakes her warbling
throat?
Is it the nightingale, or Delia's note?
The balmy Zephyrs, hovering o'er the fair,
On their soft wings the vocal accents bear;
Thro' Sunbury's low vale the strains rebound,
Even neighbouring Chertsey hears the cheerful
sound,

And wondering sees her Cowley's laurell'd shade
Tranported listen to the tuneful maid.
O may those nymphs, whose pleasing power she
sings,
Still o'er their suppliant wave their fostering wings !
O long may Health and soft-eyed Peace impart
Bloom to her cheek, and rapture to her heart !
Beneath her roof the red-breast shall prolong,
Unchill'd by frost, his tributary song ;
For her the lark shall wake the dappled morn,
And linnet twitter from the blossom'd thorn.
Sing on, sweet maid ! thy Spenser smiles to see
Kind fancy shed her choicest gifts on thee,
And bids his Edwards, on the laurel spray
That shades his tomb, inscribe thy rural lay.

With lovely mien Eugenia now appears,
The muse's pupil from her tenderest years ;
Improving tasks her peaceful hours beguile,
The sister arts on all her labors smile,
And, while the Nine their votary inspire,
“ One dips the pencil, and one strings the lyre.”
O may her life's clear current smoothly glide,
Unruffled by misfortune's boisterous tide !
So while the charmer leads her blameless days
With that content which she so well displays,
Her own Honoria we in her shall view,
And think her allegoric vision true.

Thus wandering wild among the golden grain
That fruitful floats on Bansted's airy plain,
Careless I sung, while summer's western gale
Breath'd health and fragrance thro' the dusky vale.
When from a neighbouring hawthorn, in whose shade
Conceal'd she lay, up-rose th' Aonian maid :
Pleas'd had she listen'd ; and, with smiles, she cried,
" Cease, friendly swain ! be this thy praise and pride,
That thou, of all the numerous tuneful throng,
First in our cause hast fram'd thy generous song.

" And ye, our sister choir ! proceed to tread
The flowery paths of fame, by science led !
Employ by turns the needle and the pen,
And in their favorite studies rival men !
May all our sex your glorious track pursue,
And keep your bright example still in view !
These lasting beauties will in youth engage,
And smooth the wrinkles of declining age,
Secure to bloom, unconscious of decay,
When all Corinna's roses fade away.
For even when love's short triumph shall be o'er,
When youth shall please, and beauty charm no more,
When man shall cease to flatter ; when the eye
Shall cease to sparkle, and the heart to sigh,
In that dread hour, when parent dust shall claim
The lifeless tribute of each kindred frame,
Even then shall wisdom for her chosen fair
The fragrant wreaths of virtuous fame prepare ;

Those wreaths which flourish in a happier clime,
Beyond the reach of envy and of time;
While here, th' immortalizing muse shall save
Your darling names from dark Oblivion's grave;
Those names the praise and wonder shall engage
Of every polish'd, wise, and virtuous age;
To latest times our annals shall adorn,
And save from folly thousands yet unborn."

t. I.

EPISTLE II.

ON THE
FEMALE RIGHT

TO
LITERATURE.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Written from Florence.

BY THOMAS SEWARD, M. A.

WHILST you, *ATHENIA*, with assiduous toil
Reap the rich fruits of learning's fertile soil;
Now search whate'er historic truth hath shewn,
And make the wealth of ages past your own;
Now crop the blossoms of poetic flow'rs,
And range delighted in the Muses' bow'rs;
Say, will the sweetest of her sex attend
To lines by friendship, not by flatt'ry penn'd;
To lines which tempt not worth with empty praise
But to still greater height that worth would raise;
To lines which dare against a world decide,
And stem the rage of custom's rapid tide?

Come then, ATHENIA, freely let us scan
The coward insults of that tyrant, man.
Self-prais'd, and grasping at despotic pow'r,
He looks on slav'ry as the female dow'r;
To Nature's boon ascribes what force has giv'n,
And usurpation deems the gift of heav'n.
See the first-peopled East, where ASIA sheds
Her balmy spices o'er her fertile meads:
There, while th' ASSYRIAN stretch'd his wide do-
main

From distant Indus to the Cyprian main,
All nature's laws by impious force were broke;
The female sex to slav'ry's galling yoke
Bow'd their fair necks: from social life confin'd,
And all th' exertions of the enlighten'd mind,
Clos'd in a proud Seraglio's wanton bow'rs,
The dalliance of a tyrant's looser hours.
By kings' examples subjects form their lives,
Dependant satraps had their train of wives;
Proportion'd pow'r each petty tyrant craves,
And each poor female was the slave of slaves.

When PERSIA next o'erturn'd th' Assyrian throne,
Destroy'd her tyranny and fix'd its own;
The fair distress'd no milder treatment saw,
This was indeed *th' unalterable law*.
In future times, whatever masters came,
Tyrants were chang'd, but tyranny the same.
At length t' accumulate the female woes,
The grand impostor MAHOMET arose;

Swoln with prophetic lyes, he lay'd his plan
 On the firm basis of the pride of man;
 " Women, the toys of men, and slaves of lust,
 Are but meer moulds to form man's outward crust;
 The heavenly spark, that animates the clay,
 Of the prime essence that effulgent ray,
 Th' immortal soul, is all to man confin'd,
 Not meanly squander'd on weak woman-kind."

Accurs'd wretch ! by hell's black council driv'n
 Thus to debase the fairest work of heav'n.
 And could Religion rear her sacred head
 Fraught with such doctrines ? could such errors
 spread

From western TANGIER, and the sun-burnt Moor,
 To the cold TARTAR's ever-frozen shore ?
 Ev'n GREECE too not exempt, GREECE, once the seat
 Where Sense and Freedom held the reins of state ;
 Where Force was Reason's hand-maid ; where the
 bands

Of Love and Friendship join'd the wedded hands ;
 Where flourish'd once, and flourish still in fame
 Th' ATHENIAN matron, and the SPARTAN dame.

In ROME too Liberty once reign'd, in ROME
 The female virtues were allow'd to bloom,
 And bloom they did : when CANNÆ's fatal plain
 Was heap'd with mountains of the Roman slain,
 Was there a matron wept her children *dead* ?
 Was there a matron wept not those that *fled* ?

Then when each rumor seem'd the voice of fate,
And spoke the victor thund'ring at their gate,
Was there one mention'd peace? did they not pour
Their wealth, their jewels, to the public store,
In emulous haste all pressing to be poor?

Alas how chang'd! how are the mighty sunk,
From the firm Patriot so the whining Monk!
Where Industry secur'd the public good,
Where censors, consuls, and dictators plough'd,
Now lazy zealots batten on the spoil,
And consecrated Sloth devours the farmer's toil.
But oh still worse! where Love and Friendship
shone,

Domestic Tyranny has fix'd his throne,
With all his train of monsters: at his side,
Swoln with self-flatteries, sits stiff-neck'd Pride;
Two twin-born fiends his other ear engage,
Heart-canker'd Jealousy, and fire-ey'd Rage;
In front, his empire's sole support and source,
Rattling chains, bars, and locks, stalks brutal Force;
Whilst pale and shrivel'd, crouch'd beneath the chair,
Lies sneaking, conscious Worthlessness; and near
Squint-ey'd Suspicion lurks, with self-distracting
Fear.

Hail, happy BRITAIN, dear parental land,
Where Liberty maintains her latest stand!
Oh while amidst tyrannic realms I rove,
Enamor'd let me pour my filial love

Into thy bosom. When the raven wings
Of darkness hover o'er me, when the springs
Of every outward sense are shut, my soul
Thee oft revisits, oft without control
Ranges thy fields delighted, and inhales
Friendship's pure joys, and Freedom's healthful gales.

But say, BRITANNIA, do thy sons, who claim
A birth-right liberty, dispense the same
In equal scales? Why then does Custom bind
In chains of Ignorance the female mind?
Why is to them the bright ethereal ray
Of Science veil'd? Why does each pedant say,
"Shield me, propitious powers, nor clog my life
With that supreme of plagues, *a learned wife*.
'Tis man's with science to expand the soul,
And wing his eagle flight from pole to pole;
'Tis his to pierce antiquity's dark gloom,
And the still thicker shades of times to come;
'Tis his to guide the pond'rous helm of state,
And bear alone all wisdom's solid weight.
Let woman with alluring graces move
The fondling passions and the baby love;
Be this her only science, be her doom
Fix'd to the toilette, the spinnet and loom."

Tongue-doughty pedant, was ATHENIA's soul
Form'd for these only? Bring th' exactest rule
Of judgment to the trial, prove that e'er
Thy school-proud tribe engross'd a greater share

Of mental excellence ; though vernal Youth
Just swells her lovely bosom, yet blest Truth,
Offspring of Sense and Industry, has there
Long fix'd her residence ; and taught the fair
Or wisdom's deep recesses to explore,
Or on invention's rapid wings to soar
Above th' Aonian mount ; and canst thou think
That Virtues, which exalt the soul, can sink
The outward charms ? must Knowledge give offence ?
And are the Graces all at war with Sense ?
Say, who of all the fair is form'd to move
The fondest passions, most ecstatic love,
More than *ATHENIA* ? in her gentle eye
Soft innocence and virgin modesty
Incessant shine, while still a new-born grace
Springs in each speaking feature of her face.
Her sprightly wit no forward pertness spoils ;
No self-assuming air her judgment soils ;
Still prone to learn, though capable to teach,
And lofty all her thoughts, but humble all her speech.
Proceed, *ATHENIA*, let thy growing mind
Take every knowledge in of every kind :
Still on perfection fix thy steady eye,
Be ever rising, rise thou ne'er so high.
But oh reflect, that in th' advent'rous flight,
Thou mount'st a glorious, but a dangerous height :
When every science, every grace shall join,
When most thy wit, when most thy beauties shine,
When thickest crowds enamor'd press around,
When loudest every tongue thy praise shall sound,

When verse too offers incense to thy shrine,
And adoration breathes in every line,
Then let my friendly Muse express her care,
Then most will danger spread her viewless snare :
Then let this truth possess thy inmost soul,
“ One drop of Vanity may spoil the whole.”

Not self-secure on earth can Knowledge dwell,
Knowledge the bliss of heav'n and pang of hell,
Alike the instrument of good and evil,
The attribute of God, and of the Devil.
Without her, Virtue is a powerless will :
She, without Virtue, is a powerful ill ;
Does she then join with Virtue, or oppose,
She proves the best of Friends, or worst of Foes.
O! be they once in happiest union join'd,
And be that union in *ATHENIA*'s mind.

EPISTLE III.

TO THE
PRINCE OF ORANGE,

ON HIS
PASSING THROUGH OXFORD,
In His Return from Bath.

BY WALTER HARTE, M. A.

AT length, in pity to a nation's prayer,
Thou liv'st, O Nassau, Providence's care!
Life's sun, which lately with a dubious ray
Gave the last gleams of a short, glorious day,
Again with more than noon-tide lustre burns;
The dial brightens, and the line returns.

Some guardian power, who o'er thy fate presides,
Whose eye unerring Albion's welfare guides,
Taught yonder streams with new-felt force to flow,
And bade th' exalted minerals doubly glow.
Thus cold and motionless Bethesda stood,
Till heavenly influence brooded o'er the flood.

Lo, while our isle with one loud paeon rings,
Equal, though silent, homage Isis brings;

Hers is the task of Reason, not of Art,
Words of the mind, and actions of the heart!

And sure that unbought praise which Learning
brings,
Outweighs the vast acclaim that deafens kings;
For souls, supremely sensible and great,
See through the farce of noise, and pomp of state ;
Mark when the fools huzza, or wise rejoice,
And judge exactly between sound and voice.

Hail, and proceed! be arts like ours thy care,
Nor slight those laurels thou wert born to wear :
Adorn and emulate thy glorious line,
Take thy forefathers worth, and give them thine.
Blest with each gift that human hearts can move,
In science blest, but doubly blest in love.

Pòwer, Beauty, Virtue, dignify thy choice,
Each public suffrage, and each private voice.

EPISTLE IV.

TO
MR. POPE.

By the Same.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease ;
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art ;
For this the Grecian soar'd in Epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains :
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton struck his heavenly lyre.

'Tis your's, like these with curious toil to trace
The powers of language, harmony, and grace ;
How Nature's self with living lustre shines,
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines ;
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame ;
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give e'en life and action to the strains :
Led by some law, whose powerful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides ;

Some fairer image of perfection given
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heaven.

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise,
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays !
Add that the Sisters every thought refine,
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line ;
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind :
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjust :
And are they blam'd who sin because thy must ?

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays ;
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigor, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength, and sweetness join ;
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living color glows ;
Soft without weakness, without labor fair,
Wrought up at once with happiness and care !

How blest the man that from the world removes,
To joys that Mordaunt, or his Pope, approves ;

Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er;
Who, free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Moves calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!

Nor deem this verse, though humble, a disgrace;
All are not born the glory of their race:
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame,
The Muse, who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muse as yet unhonor'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd;
Unbias'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

EPISTLE V.

TO
DEAN SWIFT

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,
WITH PINE'S HORACE FINELY BOUND.

Written by
J. SICAN, M. D.
[IN THE CHARACTER OF HORACE.]

YOU'VE read, Sir, in poetic strain,
How Varrus and the Mantuan Swain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verse to write it)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine ;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation,
And though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
I'll deign for once to taste Iernian ;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on a common suit,)

My breeding and my politesse,
I visit in a birth-day dress ;
My coat of purest Turkey-red,
With gold embroid'ry richly spread ;
To which I've sure as good pretensions,
As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your antichamber wait ;
What though your Oxfords, and your St. John's,
Have at your levee paid attendance ;
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aside the gen'ral's staff
And public cares, with you to laugh ;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of fame ;
For sure my Pollio and Maecenas
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley :
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You'll boast perhaps your fav'rite Pope ;
But Virgil is as good I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany ;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle Hippocrates ;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.

You'll plead perhaps to my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
Your hearing's bad :—But why such fears?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears ;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd, by slow-devouring moths,
By rage of barb'rous Huns and Goths,
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhimes and Dunster's prose ;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire :
Yet still they but in vain assail'd,
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim ;
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedant's muddy brains,
And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You best know how :—Which way?—Translate.

EPISTLE VI.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. THE LADY
MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY,

Presented with a Collection of Poems.

BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

THE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verse a tribute sacred to the fair.
Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,
By undisputed right, the Muses' queen;
Her smiles have all poetic bosoms fir'd,
And patroniz'd the verse themselves inspir'd:
LESBIA presided thus in Roman times,
Thus SACCHARISSA reign'd o'er British rhymes,
And present bards to MARGARETTA bow,
For, what they were of old, is HARLEY now.

From OXFORD's house, in these dull busy days,
Alone we hope for patronage, or praise;
He to our slighted labors still is kind,
Beneath his roof w' are ever sure to find
(Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect:

Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your sire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays,
Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,
Our constant patron he, and you our theme.
Where should poetic homage then be pay'd ?
Where every verse, but at your feet be lay'd ?
A double right you to this empire bear,
As first in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.

Illustrious maid ! in whose sole person join'd
Every perfection of the fair we find,
Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,
Without one foible of her sex to hide :
Good-nature, artless as the bloom that dies
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
Oh HARLEY ! could you but these lines approve,
These children sprung from idleness, and love,
Could they (but ah how vain is the design !)
Hope to amuse your hours, as once they've mine,
Th' ill-judging world's applause, and critic's blame
Alike I'd scorn ; your approbation's fame.

88

EPISTLE VII.

TO

A LADY,

SENT WITH A PRESENT OF

SHELLS AND STONES DESIGNED FOR
A GROTTO.

By the Same.

WITH gifts like these, the spoils of neighb'ring
shores,

The Indian swain his sable love adores,
Off'rings well suited to the dusky shrine
Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine:
And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,
If nicely view'd by philosophic eyes:
And such are yours, that nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themselves in-
spire.

To such how fair appears each grain of sand,
Or humblest weed, as wrought by nature's hand!
How far superior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r!

In all her births, though of the meanest kinds,
A just observer entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions sees,
And how she gently rises by degrees;
A shell, or stone he can with pleasure view,
Hence trace her noblest works, the heav'ns—and you.

Behold how bright these gaudy trifles shine,
The lovely sportings of a hand divine!
See with what art each curious shell is made,
Here carv'd in fret-work, there with pearl inlaid!
What vivid streaks th' enamel'd stones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn!
Yet still not half their charms can reach our eyes,
While thus confus'd the sparkling Chaos lies;
Doubly they'll please, when in your Grotto plac'd,
They plainly speak the fair disposer's taste;
Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,
New order from your hand, new lustre from your
eyes.

How sweet, how charming, will appear this Grot,
When by your art to full perfection brought!
Here verdant plants, and blooming flow'rs will grow,
There bubbling currents through the shell-work flow;
Here coral mix'd with shells of various dies,
There polish'd stone will charm our wond'ring eyes;
Delightful bow'r of bliss! secure retreat!
Fit for the Muses, and STATIRA's seat.

But still how good must be that fair-one's mind,
Who thus in solitude can pleasure find !
The Muse her company, good-sense her guide,
Resistless charms her pow'r, but not her pride ;
Who thus forsakes the town, the park, and play,
In silent shades to pass her hours away ;
Who better likes to breathe fresh country air,
Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair,
And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
Before the thrills of FARINELLI's voice ;
Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,
To concerts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille :
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd, than gilded chariots sees,
For groves the play-house quits, and beaus for trees.

Blest is the man, whom heav'n shall grant one
hour,
With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO A
LADY,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER
WRITTEN IN A VERY FINE HAND.

By the Same.

WHILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,
The beauteous work of CHLOE's artful hand,
Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd
Th' exactest image of the lovely maid;
Such is her wit, and such her form divine,
This pure, as flows the style through every line,
That, like each letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what art the sable currents stain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in silver snow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;
Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck
The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck:

See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms
Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,
The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,
By her fair hand and flowing pen impress'd,
At every touch more animated grows,
And with new life and new ideas glows;
Fresh beauties, from the kind defiler gains,
And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty Love no longer boast his darts,
That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts;
CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,
Wound full as sure, and at a distance too:
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
From pole to pole you send your great commands;
To distant climes in vain the lover flies,
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes;
So those, who from the sword in battle run,
But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
But these are charms no ages can devour;
These, far superior to the brightest face,
Triumph alike o'er time, as well as space,
When that fair form, which thousands now adore,
By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,
These lovely lines shall future ages view,
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wish like you to write !
Alas, vain hope ! that might as well aspire
To copy PAULO's stroke, or TITIAN's fire :
Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try ;
Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,
To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.

EPISTLE IX.

TO A

LADY,

ON A

LANDSCAPE OF HER DRAWING.

BY MR. PARROT.

BEHOLD the magic of Theresa's hand !
A new creation blooms at her command.
Touch'd into life the vivid colors glow,
Catch the warm stream, and quicken as they flow.
The ravish'd sight the pleasing landscape fills,
Here sink the valleys, and there rise the hills.
Not with more horror nods bleak Calpe's height,
Than here the pictur'd rock astounds the sight.
Not Thames more devious-winding leaves his source,
Than here the wand'ring rivers shape their course.
Obliquely lab'ring runs the gurgling rill ;
Still murm'ring runs, or seems to murmur still.
An aged oak, with hoary moss o'erspread,
Here lifts aloft its venerable head ;

There overshadowing hangs a sacred wood,
And nods inverted in the neighb'ring flood.
Each tree as in its native forest shoots,
And blushing bends with Autumn's golden fruits.
Thy pencil lends the rose a lovelier hue,
And gives the lily fairer to our view.
Here fruits and flow'rs adorn the varied year,
And paradise with all its sweets is here.
There stooping to its fall a tow'r appears,
With tempests shaken, and a weight of years.
The daisied meadow, and the woodland green,
In order rise, and fill the various scene.

Some parts, in light magnificently dress'd,
Obtrusive enter, and stand all confess'd ;
Whilst others decently in shades are thrown,
And by concealing make their beauties known.
Alternate thus and mutual is their aid,
The lights owe half their lustre to the shade.

So the bright fires that light the milky way,
Lost and extinguish'd in the solar ray ;
In the sun's absence pour a flood of light,
And borrow all their brightness from the night.

To cheat our eyes how well dost thou contrive !
Each object here seems real and alive.
Not more resembling life the figures stand,
Form'd by Lycippus, or by Phidias' hand.

Unnumber'd beauties in the piece unite,
Rush on the eye and crowd upon the sight;
At once our wonder and delight you raise,
We view with pleasure, and with rapture praise.

EPISTLE X.

TO

A YOUNG LADY

WHO PAINTS VERY WELL, BUT ALWAYS DRAWS
HER OWN SEX TO DISADVANTAGE.

BY J. WHALEY, M. A.

INGENIOUS Fair, in whose well-mingled dyes,
Reflected charms delight our ravish'd eyes ;
On whose soft pencil every beauty waits,
That Nature boasts, or happy Art creates :
Say, when thy fancy prompts thee to display
The blooming flowers that deck the youthful May,
Seek you not all that colors can supply
To cheat our senses, and delude our eye ;
Strives not your every stroke with anxious pain,
The whiteness of the lily to retain ?
Blot you not out the ill-united shades,
If but one tulip on your canvas fades ?
And swells not with a conscious joy your breast,
If in the happy tints you see express'd
The glowing blushes of the rose increast ?

Whence strive you then, to hurt your own fair kind?
How came your injuries to them confin'd ?
Whence dares your pencil offer to disgrace
Such looks as well might hint an Angel's face ?
What secret passion aids thy touch with spite
To darken Chloe's brown, or taint Clarinda's white ?
Say, is it Envy guides thy faithless line ?
Can meagre Envy dwell in breasts like thine ?
With trembling dost thou Caelia's features trace,
Or fear that Mira's smiles should thine disgrace ?

Thy own fair self, mistaken charmer, view,
Learn thy own power, and let thy paint be true.
With kindly care thy happiest colors blend,
And strive what Nature fairest forms to mend :
From Chloe's eye bid keener lightnings flow ;
Teach Caelia's cheeks with softer red to glow :
Still, still, bright Nymph, unrival'd shalt thou shine ;
Thy paint is charming, but thy form divine.

EPISTLE XI.

TO
MISS CHARLOTTE COLLINS,
OF WINCHESTER,

ON HER
DRAWING THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

O matre pulchra, filia pulchrior !

How true the mimic forms appear,
The ebon shield and glitt'ring spear !
The piercing eye, the steady mien,
As erst in Athens she was seen ;
Or rising from her borrow'd guise,
She struck th' astonish'd Grecian's eyes.
And in celestial radiance drest,
The martial goddess stood confest.

With brow indignant and severe,
See Juno, jealous Queen, appear ;
Stern, as when slighted by her God,
She made Heav'n tremble at her nod.
But these are Fancy's airy train,
That fir'd old Homer's epic strain ;
Made heroes fight and deities jar,
And kept alive a ten years war.

Charlotte, thy pencil's skill'd to trace
Superior forms and easier grace :
Why copy then what Fiction drew,
When Nature holds herself to view !
Cease on this Cyprian form to gaze,
And trust thy faithful mirror's rays ;
By its reflected aid, you'll know
More vivid tints, the warmer glow.
The auburn ringlet—brilliant eye—
Dimples—where Loves in ambush lie—
Teeth—as the Ceylon ivory white—
Lips—with the Persian coral dight—
The graceful neck—and swelling breast—
Here Fancy blushing paints the rest.

EPISTLE XII.

TO A
YOUNG LADY,

WITH
FONTENELLE'S PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

BY
EDWARD ROLLE, B. D.

IN this small work, all nature's wonders see,
The soften'd features of philosophy.
In truth by easy steps you here advance,
Truth as diverting as the best romance.
Long had these arts to sages been confin'd,
None saw their beauty, 'till by poring blind;
By studying spent, like men that cram too full,
From Wisdom's feast they rose not chear'd, but
dull:

The gay and airy smil'd to see 'em grave,
And fled such wisdom like Trophonius' cave.
Justly they thought they might those arts despise,
Which made men sullen, ere they could be wise.

Brought down to sight, with ease you view 'em
here ;

Though deep the bottom, yet the stream is clear.
Your flutt'ring sex still valu'd science less ;
Careless of any but the arts of dress.

Their useless time was idly thrown away
On empty novels, or some new-born play ;
The best, perhaps, a few loose hours might spare
For some unmeaning thing, miscall'd a prayer.
In vain the glitt'ring orbs, each starry night,
With mingling blazes shed a flood of light :
Each nymph with cold indiff'rence saw 'em rise ;
And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.
None thought the stars were suns so widely sown,
None dreamt of other worlds, besides our own.
Well might they boast their charms, when every fair
Thought this world all ; and her's the brightest here.
Ah! quit not the large thoughts this book inspires,
For those thin trifles which your sex admires :
Assert your claim to sense, and shew mankind,
That reason is not to themselves confin'd.
The haughty belle, whose beauty's awful shrine
'Twere sacrilege t' imagine not divine,
Who thought so greatly of her eyes before,
Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.
How poor ev'n you, who reign without control,
If we except the beauties of your soul !
Should all beholders feel the same surprise :
Should all who see you, see you with my eyes ;

Were no sick blasts to make that beauty less ;
Should you be what I think, what all confess :
'Tis but a narrow space those charms engage ;
One island only, and not half an age !

EPISTLE XIII.

TO

A FRIEND.

OCCASIONED BY

AN ODE

WRITTEN BY MRS. CATH. PHILIPS.

BY MRS. CARTER.

NARCISSA! still thro' every varying name,
My constant care and bright enlivening theme,
In what soft language shall the Muse declare
The fond extravagance of love sincere?
How all those pleasing sentiments convey
That charm my fancy, when I think on thee?
A theme like this Orinda's thoughts inspir'd,
Nor less by Friendship, than by Genius fir'd.
Then let her happier, more persuasive art
Explain th' agreeing dictates of my heart:
Sweet may her fame to late remembrance bloom,
And everlasting laurels shade her tomb,
Whose spotless verse with genuine force exprest
The brightest passion of the human breast.

In what blest clime, beneath what favoring skies,
Did thy fair form, propitious Friendship, rise?
With mystic sense, the poet's tuneful tongue
Urania's birth in glittering fiction sung;
That Paphos first her smiling presence own'd,
Which wide diffus'd its happy influence round.
With hands united, and with looks serene,
Th' attending graces hail'd their new-born queen;
The zephyrs round her wav'd their purple wing,
And shed the fragrance of the breathing spring;
The rosy hours, advanc'd in silent flight,
Led sparkling youth, and ever new delight.
Soft sigh the winds, the waters gently roll,
A purer azure vest the lucid pole,
All nature welcom'd in the beauteous train,
And heaven and earth smil'd conscious of the scene.

But long ere Paphos rose, or poet sung,
In heavenly breasts the sacred passion sprung:
The same bright flames in raptur'd seraphs glow,
As warm consenting tempers here below:
While one attraction, Mortal, Angel, binds,
Virtue, which forms the unison of minds:
Friendship her soft harmonious touch affords,
And gently strikes the sympathetic chords,
Th' agreeing notes in social measures roll,
And the sweet concert flows from soul to soul.

By heaven's enthusiastic impulse taught,
What shining visions rose on Plato's thought!

While by the Muses' gently winding flood,
His searching fancy trac'd the sovereign good !
The laurel'd sisters touch'd the vocal lyre,
And wisdom's goddess led their tuneful choir.
Beneath the genial Plantane's spreading shade,
How sweet the philosophic music play'd !
Thro' all the grove, along the flowery shore,
The charming sounds responsive echoes bore.
Here, from the cares of vulgar life refin'd,
Immortal pleasures open'd on his mind :
In gay succession to his ravish'd eyes
The animating powers of Beauty rise ;
On every object round, above, below,
Quick to the sight her vivid colors glow :
Yet, not to matter's shadowy forms confin'd,
The fair and good he sought remain'd behind ;
Till gradual rising thro' the boundless whole,
He view'd the blooming graces of the soul ;
Where, to the beam of intellectual day,
The genuine charms of moral beauty play :
With pleasing force the strong attractions move
Each finer sense, and tune it into love.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO
MYRTILIS.

THE NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

BY
SAM. JOHNSON, L. L. D.

MADAM,

LONG have I look'd my tablets o'er,
And find I've much to thank you for ;
Out-standing debts beyond account,
And new—who knows to what amount ?
Tho' small my wealth, not small my soul :
Come, then at once, I'll pay the whole.

Ye Powers ! I'm rich, and will command
The host of slaves that round me stand ;
Come, Indian, quick disclose thy store,
And hither bring Peruvian ore ;
Let yonder negro pierce the main,
The choicest, largest pearl to gain :

Let all my slaves their arts combine
To make the blushing ruby mine,
From eastern thrones the diamonds bear
To sparkle at her breast and ear.
Swift, Scythian, point th' unerring dart,
That strikes the Ermine's little heart,
And search for choicest furs the globe
To make my MYRTILIS a robe.

Ah, no : Yon Indian will not go,
No Scythian deigns to bend his bow.
No sullen Negro shoots the flood.
How, slaves! — Or am I understood ?
All, all, my empty power disown,
I turn and find myself alone ;
'Tis Fancy's vain illusion all,
Nor Moor nor Scythian waits my call.
Can I command, can I consign ?
Alas, what earthly thing is mine ?

Come then, my Muse, companion dear
Of poverty, and soul sincere,
Come dictate to my grateful mind
A gift that may acceptance find ;
Come, gentle Muse, and with thee bear
An offering worthy thee and her ;
And though thy presents be but poor,
My MYRTILIS will ask no more.

An heart that scorns a shameful thing,
With love and verse, is all I bring,
Of love and verse the gift receive,
'Tis all thy servant has to give.

If all whate'er my verse has told,
Golconda's gems, and Afric's gold ;
If all were mine from pole to pole,
How large her share who shares my soul ?
But more than these may Heaven impart ;
Be thine the treasures of the heart ;
Be calm, and glad thy future days
With Virtue's peace, and Virtue's praise.
Let jealous pride, and sleepless Care,
And wasting Grief, and black Despair
And Langour chill, and Anguish fell,
For ever shun thy grove and cell ;
There only may the happy train
Of Love, and Joy, and Peace, remain :
May Plenty, with exhaustless store,
Employ thy hand to feed the poor,
And ever on thy honor'd head
The prayer of Gratitude be shed.

A happy mother may'st thou see
Thy smiling virtuous progeny,
Whose sportful tricks, and airy play,
Fraternal love, and prattle gay,

Or wondrous tale, or joyful song
May lure the lingering hours along,
Till Death arrive, unfelt, unseen,
With gentle pace, and placid mien,
And waft thee to that happy shore,
Where wishes can have place no more.

EPISTLE XV.

TO
A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHORD,

In a Room hung with some Flower-Pieces of her own Painting.

By the Same.

WHEN STELLA strikes the tuneful string
In scenes of imitated Spring,
Where beauty lavishes her powers,
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And Pleasure propagates around
Each charm of modulated sound,
Ah! think not in the dangerous hour,
The Nymph fictitious as the flower;
But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the snares of wily love.

When charms thus press on every sense,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful Hope, and vain Desire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting, as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye.

And forming, with unerring art,
New chains to hold the captive heart.
But on these regions of delight,
Might Truth intrude with daring flight,
Could STELLA, sprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral song,
Instruction with her flowers might spring,
And Wisdom warble from her string.

Mark, when from thousand-mingled dyes,
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid ;
Mark, when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How passion's well-accorded strife,
Gives all the harmony of life,
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same,
Thy music teach the nobler art
To tune the regulated heart.

EPISTLE XVI.

TO
MRS. CREWE.

BY THE RIGHT HON.
CHARLES JAMES FOX.

WHERE the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By nature's most delicate pencil design'd ;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart ;
Where in manners, enchanting, no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face ;
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove,
Defences unequal to shield us from love :
Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh, tell !
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenc'd, that for once I am wise,
And gaze without rapture on Amoret's eyes ;
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more,
I'st reason ? No ; that my whole life will belye,
For who so at variance, as reason and I ?
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part ?

O, no! for in this all the world must agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me.
Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?
For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain,
Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they
strain.

That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.
But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure and
pain,

I am still but too ready to feel them again:
If, then, for this once in my life, I am free,
And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me;
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that
warms:

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendor we
praise,

So beauty, our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, the heart can enflame.

EPISTLE XVII.

TO THE
RIGHT HON.
HENRY PELHAM.

BY
EDWARD MOORE.

*THE humble Petition of the worshipful Company of Poets
and News-writers,*

SHEWETH,

THAT your honor's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of scandal, for mending the times),
By losses in bus'ness, and England's well-doing,
Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.

That these their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Arise not from dullness, as some folks believe,
But from rubs in their way, that your honor has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.

That they always had form'd high conceits of their
use,

And meant their last breath should go out in abuse;
But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears),
Since your honor has sate at the helm of affairs,
No party will join 'em, no faction invite
To heed what they say, or to read what they write;
Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord are fled,
And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—
In short, public bus'ness is so carry'd on,
That their country is sav'd, and the patriots undone.

To perplex him still more, and sure famine to
bring

(Now satire has lost both its truth and its sting),
If, in spite of their natures, they bungle at praise,
Your honor regards not, and nobody pays.

YOUR Petitioners therefore most humbly entreat
(As times will allow, and your honor thinks meet)
That measures be chang'd, and some cause of com-
plaint

Be immediately furnish'd, and end their restraint;
Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.

Or else (if your wisdom shall deem it all one),
Now the parliament's rising, and bus'ness is done,

That your honor would please, at this dangerous crisis,
To take to your bosom a few private vices;
By which your petitioners, haply, might thrive,
And keep both themselves, and contention alive.

In compassion, good Sir! give 'em something to
say,
And your honor's petitioners ever shall pray.

EPISTLE XVIII.

ON THE
ROYAL NUPTIALS.

Addressed to
THE QUEEN.

BY JOSEPH SPENCE, M. A.

AT length the gallant navy from afar
Rises in prospect, with expanded wings
Improving the kind gale, so long delay'd ;
And wins in pompous pride her easy way
To Albion's shore, charg'd with the precious freight
Of England's dearest hopes, and George's love.
Not so desir'd, nor with such treasure fraught,
Arrives the wealthy convoy, from the coast
Of Ceylon or Golconda ; laden deep
With spicy drugs, barbaric gems, and gold.
Nor he who circled in his daring course
The globe entire, old Ocean's utmost round,
Brought back so rich a prize, though with the spoils
Of proud Iberia loaded he return'd ;
Or captive in his halsers when he dragg'd
The vanquish'd Gallic fleets ; as now he brings,
More welcome, from Germania's friendly shore.

Hail kindred regions, dear parental soil,
Saxonian plains! where deep Visurgis flows,
Where Leina's doubly-honour'd waters glide,
Where mighty Albis draws his humid train!
England to you with grateful homage pays
Filial obeysance meet: to you she owes
Her name, her tribes, her generous race; to you
Her first, her latest blessings. Forth from you
Issued our sires, old Woden's high-born sons;
Great Woden deem'd a god, with uncouth rites
By his rude offspring worshipp'd: they their course
Adventurous steer'd to these alluring shores.
First Hengist, valiant chief; nor yet less wise
Than valiant: he the Cantian wold obtain'd,
His new domain; yielded by social league,
Or won by fair Rowena's conquering charms.
Next Ella, Cerdic, and th' intrepid race
Of Anglians from Eydora's northern stream,
Pour'd in their numerous hosts: nor British prowess,
Nor Merlin's spells, nor Arthur's puissant sword,
Hight Caliburn, fam'd in romantic tale,
Could long withstand th' impetuous onset bold
Of our great sires in battle. Soon they rais'd
On Britain's ruins seven imperial thrones;
Seven thrones conjoin'd at length in Cerdic's race:
From whose high source the stream of regal blood,
Thro' the long line of English monarchs, flows
Down to th' illustrious house of Lunenbourg,
From antient Brunswick nam'd, (Brunswick, the seat

Primeval of Saxonian chieftains old)
To George, great heir of Anglo-Saxon kings.

And Thou, Saxonia's brightest ornament
Erewhile, now England's boast, and highest pride,
Welcome to these congenial shores ; to this
Ambiguous land, another Saxony.
See thine own people, thy compatriot tribes,
With heart-felt joy, and zealous loud acclaim,
Thy blest arrival hail. Tho' sever'd long
From their original soil, on foreign stock
Tho' grafted, not degenerate : still within
Works the wild vigor of the parent root.
Rough, hardy, brave ; by force intractable,
Or lawless rule ; patient of equal sway ;
With civil freedom tempering regal power.
Be this thy better country ; nor regret
Thy natal plains, tho' dear : here thou shalt find
What largely shall o'erpay thy loss. Lo ! here
Thy Parent, Brother, Friend, all charities
Compris'd in one, thy consort, with fond wish,
Expects thee ; scepter'd George, with every grace
Adorn'd ; yet more renown'd for virtue's praise,
Faith, honor, in green years wisdom mature,
True majesty with awful goodness crown'd.
He shall assuage thy grief : his thoughtful breast,
Studious of England's glory and Europe's weal,
Thou in return shalt sooth with tender smiles,
Endearing blandishment, and equal love.

Nor shall, heaven's gift, fruit of the genial bed
Be wanting ; pledge of public happiness
Secure ; dear source of long domestic joys.
Here shalt thou reign, a second Caroline ;
Diffusing from the throne a milder ray,
Soft beauty's unexpressive influence sweet.
Prompt to relieve th' opprest ; to wipe away
The widow's tears ; to call forth modest worth ;
To cherish drooping virtue : patroness
Of science and of arts ; friend to the muse,
Of every grateful muse the favorite theme.

Hail, sovereign lady, dearest dread ! accept
Even now this homage of th' officious muse,
That on the verge extreme of Albion's cliff
With gratulation thy first steps prevents,
Tho' mean, yet ardent ; and salutes thine ear
With kindred accents in Teutonic lays.

EPISTLE XIX.

ON THE
DEATH OF
KING GEORGE THE SECOND,
AND ACCESSION OF
KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
WILLIAM PITT,
[Afterwards Earl of Chatham.]

BEING THE CONCLUDING COPY OF OXFORD VERSES.

BY THOMAS WARTON, B. D.

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave !
So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays !—
O Pitt ! if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal ;
If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans which ancient Freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause !
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings :
Thy tongue well tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore :
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Graecia's golden days :
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd to deck the guiltless monarch's crown ;
When virtuous Pindar, told with Tuscan gore
How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales where spirits of the brave repos'd :
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd she sate,
The decent hand-maid, not the slave of state :
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame :
For, taught like ours, she dar'd with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependance to divide :
Tho' princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise ;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophied throne ?

At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires :
Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim :
Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each fair decree,
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms :
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains ;
As erst stout archers from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state ;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine :
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes ;
One common cause, one common end prescribes ;
Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valor strikes the blow.
O Pitt, while honor points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the minister exalts the man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay ;
For science still is justly fond to blend,
With thine, her practice, principles, and end.

'Tis not for her, by false connections drawn,
At splendid Slavery's sordid shrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breast
To friends, to foes, in servile fear, suppress:
'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom favors of the cringing crew;
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In elder times she woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social band,
To form, diffuse, and fix her high command:
From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek the prize,
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse,
From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful
youth

In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye:
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which every classic Grace had learn'd to rove)

Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
 The blessings of her visionary reign;
 That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
 Adorns philosophy's ideal dream,
 But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
 In full reality this favor'd isle.

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EPISTLE XX.

ON THE
MARRIAGE OF
KING GEORGE THE THIRD,

AND
QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

TO THE QUEEN.

By the Same.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view ;
When Albion's isles, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide ;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign !

And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat,
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat :
Lo! this the land where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd, thro' many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good ;

Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low :
Here wak'd the flame that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves :
Here chivalry, stern school of valor old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd ;
Heroic champions heard the clarion's call,
And throng'd the board in Edward's banner'd hall ;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamant zone.
Lo ! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temperate suns display ;
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain :
Hence ripe with stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound ;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold the opulence of hoarded war !
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream,
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam !
Mean time, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand ;
Whose splendid domes, and tradeful streets declare,
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O ! blest queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours ;

Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
'Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd :
While cunning bards, at ancient banquets, sung
Of Paynim foes defy'd, and trophies hung :
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with ev'ry living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew :
But chief, the mournful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose ;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissu'd vest !
Lo ! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre ;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too, majestic bride ! the favor'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime——
O mark how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays !
Thither if haply some distinguish'd flower
Of these mix'd blooms, from that ambrosial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and, rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honor due ;
If seemly gifts the train of Phoebus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day ;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain ;

Pleas'd in the Muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside,
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
Which claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.—

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's favorite race !
But tho' the generous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stands supreme, in Nature's choicest charms ;
Tho' George and conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls he own ;
And, proud a fresh increase of fame to view,
Crowns all her glory by possessing you.

EPISTLE XXI.

TO

MR. WHITEHEAD,

ON HIS

BEING MADE POET-LAUREAT.

M D CCLVII.

BY RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

'Tis so—though we're surpris'd to hear it :
The laurel is bestow'd on merit.
How hush'd is every envious voice!
Confounded by so just a choice,
Though by prescriptive right prepar'd
To libel the selected bard.

But as you see the statesman's fate
In this our democratic state,
Whom virtue strives in vain to guard
From the rude pamphlet and the card ;
You'll find the demagogues of Pindus
In envy not a jot behind us :
For each Aonian politician
(Whose element is opposition),

Will shew how greatly they surpass us
In gall and wormwood at Parnassus.

Thus as the same detracting spirit
Attends on all distinguish'd merit,
When 'tis your turn, observe, the quarrel
Is not with you, but with the laurel.

Suppose that laurel on your brow,
For cypress chang'd, funereal bough!
See all things take a diff'rent turn!
The very critics sweetly mourn,
And leave their satire's pois'nous sting
In plaintive elegies to sing:
With solemn threnody and dirge
Conduct you to Elysium's verge.
At Westminster the surplic'd dean
The sad but honorable scene
Prepares. The well-attended herse
Bears you amid the kings of verse.
Each rite observ'd, each duty paid,
Your fame on marble is display'd,
With symbols which your genius suit,
The mask, the buskin, and the flute;
The laurel crown aloft is hung;
And o'er the sculptur'd lyre unstrung
Sad allegoric figures leaning—
(How folks will gape to find their meaning!)
And a long epitaph is spread,
Which happy You will never read.

But hold—The change is so inviting
I own, I tremble while I'm writing.
Yet, WHITEHEAD, 'tis too soon to lose you :
Let critics flatter or abuse you,
O! teach us, ere you change the scene
To Stygian banks from Hippocrene,
How free-born bards should strike the strings,
And how a Briton write to kings.

EPISTLE XXII.

TO

MR. GARRICK,

By the Same.

ON old PARNASSUS, t'other day,
The Muses met to sing and play ;
Apart from all the rest were seen
The tragic, and the comic Queen,
Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate,
On RICH's, or on FLEETWOOD's fate.
When on a sudden, news was brought
That GARRICK had the patent got,
And both their ladyships again
Might now return to Drury-lane.
They bow'd, they simper'd, and agreed
They wish'd the project might succeed.
'Twas very possible, the case
Was likely too and had a face——
A face! THALIA titt'ring cry'd,
And could her joy no longer hide ;
Why, sister, all the world must see
How much this makes for you and me :

No longer now shall we expose
Our unbought goods to empty rows,
Or meanly be oblig'd to court
From foreign aid a weak support ;
No more the poor polluted scene
Shall teem with births of Harlequin :
Or vindicated stage shall feel
The insults of the dancer's heel.
Such idle trash we'll kindly spare
To opera's now—they'll want them there ;
For Sadler's-Wells, they say, this year
Has quite undone their engineer.

Pugh, you're a wag, the buskin'd prude
Reply'd, and smil'd ; besides 'tis rude
To laugh at foreigners, you know,
And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe :
For my part, I shall be content
If things succeed as they are meant ?
And should not be displeas'd to find
Some changes of the tragic kind.
And say, THALIA, mayn't we hope
The stage will take a larger scope ?
Shall he whose all-expressive powers
Can reach the heights that SHAKSPERE soars,
Descend to touch an humbler key,
And tickle ears with poetry ;
Where every tear is taught to flow
Through many line's melodious woe,
And heart-felt pangs of deep distress

Are fritter'd into similes?

—O thou, whom nature taught the art
To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
Whatever name delight thine ear,
OTHELLO, RICHARD, HAMLET, LEAR,
O undertake my just defence,
And banish all but nature hence!
See, to thy aid with streaming eyes
The fair afflicted CONSTANCE flies;
Now wild as winds in madness tears
Her heaving breasts and scatter'd hairs;
Or low on earth disdain relief,
With all the conscious pride of grief.
My PRITCHARD too in HAMLET's queen—
The goddess of the sportive vein
Here stop'd her short, and with a sneer,
My PRITCHARD, if you please, my dear!
Her tragic merit I confess,
But surely mine's her proper dress;
Behold her there with native ease,
And native spirit, born to please;
With all MARIA's charms engage,
Or MILWOOD's arts, or TOUCHWOOD's rage,
Through every foible trace the fair,
Or leave the town, and toilet's care
To chaunt in forests unconfin'd,
The wilder notes of ROSALIND.

O thou, where'er thou fix thy praise,
BRUTE, DRUGGER, FRIBBLE, RANGER, BAYS!

O join with her in my behalf,
And teach an audience when to laugh.
So shall buffoons with shame repair
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
And real humor charm the age,
Though FALSTAFF should forsake the stage.

She spoke. MELPOMENE reply'd,
And much was said on either side ;
And many a chief, and many a fair,
Were mention'd to their credit there.
But I'll not venture to display
What goddesses think fit to say.
However, GARRICK, this at least
Appears, by both a truth confess'd,
That their whole fate for many a year
But hangs on your paternal care.
A nation's taste depends on you ;
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
O think how glorious 'twere to raise
A theatre to virtue's praise ;
Where no indignant blush might rise,
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice :
But every young attentive ear
Imbibe the precepts, living there.
And every unexperienc'd breast
There feel its own rude hints express'd,
And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If possible, be perfect quite ;
A few short rules will guide you right.
Consult your own good sense in all,
Be deaf to fashion's fickle call,
Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
To court what you command, applause.

EPISTLE XXIII.

NATURE

TO

DR. HOADLY,

ON HIS COMEDY OF THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

BY

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

SLY hypocrite ! was this your aim ?
To borrow Paeon's sacred name,
And lurk beneath his graver mien,
To trace the secrets of my reign ?
Did I for this applaud your zeal,
And point out each minuter wheel,
Which finely taught the next to roll,
And made my works one perfect whole ?
For who, but I, 'till you appear'd
To model the dramatic herd,
E'er bade to wond'ring ears and eyes,
Such pleasing intricacies rise ?
Where every part is nicely true,
Yet touches still some master clue ;

Each riddle opening by degrees,
'Till all unravels with such ease,
That only those who will be blind
Can feel one doubt perplex their mind.

Nor was't enough, you thought, to write,
But you must impiously unite
With GARRICK too; who long before
Had stole my whole expressive pow'r.
That changeful Proteus of the stage
Usurps my mirth, my grief, my rage;
And as his diff'rent parts incline,
Gives joys or pains, sincere as mine.

Yet you shall find (howe'er elate
You triumph in your former cheat)
'Tis not so easy to escape
In Nature's as in Paeon's shape.
For every critic, great or small,
Hates every thing that's natural.
The beaus, and ladies too, can say,
What does he mean? is this a play?
We see such people every day.
Nay more, to chafe, and teaze your spleen,
And teach you how to steal again,
My very fools shall prove you're bit,
And damn you for your want of wit.

EPISTLE XXIV.

TO
MR. GARRICK,

ON HIS
ERECTING A TEMPLE AND STATUE TO
SHAKSPERE.

BY RICHARD BERENGER, ESQ.

—Viridi in campo signum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Thamesis, et multa prætexit arundine ripas;
In medio mihi SHAKSPERE erit, templumque tenebit.

WHERE yonder trees rise high in cheerful air,
Where yonder banks eternal verdure wear,
And opening flow'rs diffusing sweets around
Paint with their vivid hues the happy ground;
While Thames majestic rolls the meads between,
And with his silver current crowns the scene:
There GARRICK, satiate of well-earn'd applause,
From crowds and shouting theatres withdraws;
There courts the Muse, turns o'er th' instructive page,
And meditates new triumphs for the stage.
Thine, SHAKSPERE, chief—for thou must ever shine
His pride, his boast, unequall'd and divine.
There too thy vot'ry, to thy merit just,
Hath rais'd the dome, and plac'd thy honor'd bust,

Bidding the pile to future times proclaim
His veneration for thy mighty name.
A place more fit his zeal could never find
Than this fair spot, an emblem of the mind—
As *hill* and *dale* there charm the wond'ring eye,
Such sweet variety thy *scenes* supply—
Like the tall trees sublime thy genius tow'rs,
Sprightly thy fancy, as the opening flow'rs ;
While, copious as the tide Thames pours along,
Flow the sweet numbers of thy heav'nly song,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong—
Look down, great shade, with pride this tribute see,
The hand that pays it makes it worthy thee—
As fam'd Apelles was allow'd alone
To paint the form august of Philip's son,
None but a GARRICK can, O bard divine!
Lay a *fit* offering on thy hallow'd shrine.
To speak thy worth is his peculiar boast,
He best can tell it, for he feels it most.
Blest bard! thy fame through every age shall grow,
Till *Nature* cease to charm, or Thames to flow.
Thou too, with him, whose fame thy talents raise,
Shalt share our wonder, and divide our praise ;
Blended with this thy merits rise to view,
And half thy SHAKSPERE's fame to thee is due :
Unless the actor with the bard conspire,
How impotent his strength, how faint his fire!
One boasts the *mine*, one brings the gold to *light*,
And the Muse triumphs in the Actor's *might* ;
Too weak to give her own conceptions birth,

Till all-expressive *Action* call them forth.
Thus the sweet pipe, mute in itself, no sound
Sends forth, nor breathes its pleasing notes around ;
But if some swain, with happy skill endu'd,
Inspire with animating breath the wood,
Wak'd into voice, it pours its tuneful strains,
The harmony divine enchants the plains.

Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.— HOR.

EPISTLE XXV.

TO

MR. GARRICK.

ON

RECEIVING HIS PORTRAIT, PAINTED BY
MR. DANCE.

GARRICK ! whate'er resembles thee
Must ever claim regard from me ;
Well pleas'd I view thy counter part,
And highly praise the Painter's art.

Arduous the task is, great the merit,
To represent that fire and spirit,
Those piercing eyes, that speaking face,
That form, compos'd of ease and grace :——
All this I feel ;——could feelings do,
Then I should be a Painter too ;
I should draw GARRICK, and perchance
Produce a work, t' outrival DANCE.

But GARRICK, sure thou need'st not send
A gift of this sort to thy friend,

As if that friend requir'd to see
Something to make him think of thee.

Whoe'er has seen thy wond'rous pow'rs,
Whoe'er has shar'd thy social hours,
Can he, can such a one forget
Thy native humor, sterling wit ?
No, GARRICK—he must surely find,
Deeply imprinted on his mind,
In such warm tints thy form and face,
No time or distance can efface.

EPISTLE XXVI.

TO
DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

AT
MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

BY THE LATE
EARL OF CHATHAM.

LEAVE, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, brightening all the bay :
To my plain roof repair, primaeval seat !
Yet there no wonders your quick eye can meet,
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cur'd, and an unpassion'd mind ;
A statesman without power, and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all ;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Votary alone to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And, interspers'd, an heart-enlivening train
Of sportive children frolic o'er the green ;
Meantime pure Love looks on, and consecrates the
scene.

Come, then, immortal Spirit of the stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age !
Come, taste the simple life of Patriarchs old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp or
gold.

EPISTLE XXVII.

MR. GARRICK',

ANSWER.

WHEN Peleus' son, untaught to yield,
Wrathful forsook the hostile field,
His breast still warm with heavenly fire,
He tun'd the lay, and swept the lyre.

So Chatham, whose exalted soul
Pervaded and inspir'd the whole,
Where far, by martial glory led,
Britain her sails and banners spread,
Retires (though Wisdom's God dissuades)
And seeks repose in rural shades :
Yet thither comes the God confess'd ;
Celestial form ! a well-known guest.

Nor slow he moves with solemn air,
Not on his brow hangs pensive care ;
Nor in his hand th' historic page
Gives lessons to experienc'd age,
As when in vengeful ire he rose,
And plann'd the fate of Britain's foes,

While the wing'd Hours obedient stand,
And instant speed the dread command.

Chearful he came, all blythe and gay,
Fair blooming like the son of May ;
Adown his radiant shoulder hung
A harp, by all the Muses strung :
Smiling he to his friend resign'd
This soother of the human mind.

EPISTLE XXVIII.

UPON

MR. MASON'S

TAKING ORDERS.

BY MR. GARRICK.

To Holdernessee, the Muses three,
Of Painting, Music, Poetry,
To him, their long-lov'd patron, friend,
In grievous pet this letter send——

Give ear, my Lord, while we complain,
Our sex to you ne'er sigh'd in vain.
'Tis said—A youth by you befriended,
Whom to your smiles we recommended;
Seduc'd by you, abjures our charms,
And flies for ever from our arms!
Could D'Arcy, whom we lov'd, caress'd,
In whose protection we were bless'd,
Could he, to whom our Sire imparts
That secret rare to taste our arts,
Could he, ungrateful, and unkind!
From us estrange our Mason's mind?

Could he, who serves and loves the nation,
So little weigh its reputation,
As in this scarcity of merit,
To damp with grace poetic spirit :
But be assur'd your scheme is vain—
He must, he shall be ours again :
Nor crape nor lawn shall quench his fires,
We'll fill his breast with new desires ;
In vain you plead his ordination,
His cassock, gown, and grave vocation,
Whate'er he now has sworn, he swore,
With stronger zeal to us before :
He pass'd our forms of consecration,
His lips receiv'd our inspiration ;
To him were all our rites reveal'd,
From him no myst'ry was conceal'd——
Each kindred pow'r obey'd our call,
And grac'd the solemn festival !
The Loves forsook their Cyprian bow'rs,
And round his temples wreath'd their flow'rs ;
The Graces danc'd their mystic maze,
Our Father struck him with his rays ;
And all our Sisters one by one,
Gave him full draughts of Helicon !
Thus bound our servant at the shrine,
Ordain'd he was, and made divine.

XXIX. EPISTLES PARODYED.
Could he, who serves and loves the nation,
So little were we worth his care.

EPISTLE XXIX.

TO

MR. GARRICK,

ON MEETING HIM AT MR. RIGBY'S.

BY

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, ESQ.

THROUGH ev'ry part, of grief or mirth,
To which the mimic stage gives birth,
I ne'er as yet, with truth could tell,
Where most your various pow'rs excel.
Sometimes amidst the laughing scene,
Blithe Comedy, with jocund mien,
By you in livelier colors drest,
With transport clasp'd you to her breast :
As oft the buskin'd Muse appear'd,
With awful brow her sceptre rear'd ;
Recounted all your laurels won,
And claim'd you for her darling son.
Thus each contending goddess strove,
And each the fairest garland wove.

But which fair Nymph could justly boast
Her beauties had engag'd you most,
I doubted much ; 'till, t'other day,
Kind Fortune threw me in your way ;
Where, 'midst the friendly joys that wait
Philander's hospitable gate,
Freedom and genuine mirth I found,
Sporting the jovial board around.
'Twas there with keen, tho' polish'd, jest,
You sat, a pleas'd and pleasing guest ;
With social ease a part sustain'd,
More humorous far than e'er you feign'd.
" Take him, I cry'd, bright comic Maid,
In all your native charms array'd ;
No longer shall my doubts appear :"
When Clio whisper'd in my ear,
" Go, bid it be no more disputed,
For what his talents best are suited ;
In mimic characters alone
Let others shine—but Garrick in his own."

EPISTLE XXX.

MR. GARRICK'S

ANSWER.

As late at Comus' court I sat,
(Observe me well, I mean not that
Where ribaldry in triumph sits,
Delighting lords, and 'squires, and cits ;
But there, where mirth and taste combine,
And Rigby gives more wit than wine)
Suspended for a while the joke,
With rapture of your muse we spoke ;
But all blam'd me, cry'd out, oh ! fye !
What ! send to verse a prose reply ?
My friend, the Colonel, made the attack,
And wicked Calvert clapp'd his back.
Nay, Pottinger, tho' low in feather,
And somewhat ruffled by the weather,
Would peck and crow ; and Madam Hale
Flew at my manners tooth and nail.
What ! send to Anstey such dull stuff ?
'Tis as modesty, dear Hale ; don't huff.
Cou'd I but rhyme as much as you,
And think that much as charming too,

I'd write, and write again ; I care not ;
But, as I feel, indeed I dare not.
Then Cox let loose his silver tongue ;
O d—n it, David, you are wrong.
While independent Plummer cry'd,
He'd not vote plump on either side.
E'en Boon, who ne'er inclines to satire,
With modest sense and much good nature,
Cou'd not but say there was some blame,
And sweet Eliza blush'd the same.
My wife look'd grave, but made it known
The right to vex me was her own.
Our landlord shook his sides and shoulders,
Both at the scolded and the scolders :
For that to him is always best,
Which raises and supports the jest.
No baited bear was e'er so worry'd ;
I took my hat, and home I hurry'd,
Resolv'd, as well as I was able,
To ask your pardon in a Fable ;
The best excuse my prudence knows,
For answ'ring your choice verse in prose.

A monkey of the sprightly kind
Could mock and mimic half mankind :
Cou'd twist him to a thousand shapes ;
In short, a perfect jackanapes.
As once our mimic Pug display'd
His talents in the summer shade,

By chance a nightingale was there,
Well pleas'd the farce to see and hear.
His joy began his notes to raise;
He warbled forth the monkey's praise.
Pug, too much flatter'd, thought it wrong,
Not to return his thanks in song;
And such a fit of squalling took him,
Beasts, birds, and nightingale forsook him.
An owl, who in a hole was dreaming,
Was rais'd at once with all this screaming;
Who-o-hoo! hoo! neighbour, curse your clatter!
Zounds! are you murder'd? what's the matter?
The monkey to his senses brought,
And must'ring what he had of thought,
Told to the owl his silly tale,
How he had scar'd the nightingale.
Grave Madge began to roll her eyes,
And being what she seem'd, most wise,
Thus spoke—Thou empty-headed thing,
Skip, grin, and chatter—never sing,
Wou'd you, without a voice, or ear,
Tune up, when Philomel is near?
Nature her pleasure has made known,
That nightingales shou'd sing alone.

EPISTLE XXXI.

TO

COLONEL CLIVE,

[Afterwards Lord]

ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

GREAT, as from Porus' conquest, Philip's son,
Glorious as Cortez from new Indies won,
'Midst trumpets loud acclaim, and cannons roar,
Welcome, illustrious Clive, to Britain's shore.
From eastern dawning, swift as Phoebus' rays,
We now behold thy full meridian blaze.
Proud of that chief, at whose impetuous course
Old Ganges trembled to his distant source ;
Who, like fam'd Warwick, master of the crown,
On loftiest Nabobs look'd superior down,
And made the fierce Mogul, with conscious fear,
Startle, and deem a second Nadir near.
To thee her safety twice Bengalia owes,
Alike from Indian, and Batavian foes ;
Hence in no dungeon now her sons remain,
Nor of a new Amboyna's fate complain !

And see ! with wreaths by glorious toils acquir'd,
Kind heaven rewards the genius it inspir'd ;
Bestows thee all thy fondest wish could claim,
Unenvied fortune, and unspotted fame ;
Thy aged sire's embrace, thy sovereign's praise,
And from a stranger-muse unpurchas'd lays.

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XI.

EPISTLE XXXII.

DENNIS

TO

MR. THOMSON,

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy varied Seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee;
That hoary season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by time's bleak storms I withering lay,
Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay!
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

EPISTLE XXXIII.

TO
SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON
SEEING HIS PICTURE OF
MR. DRYDEN,

Drawn with the Bays in his Hand.

BY
BAINBRIGG BUCKEREDGE, ESQ.

NAY, sure 'tis he! the living colors move,
And strike our souls with wonder and with love!
Has his soft lyre dissolv'd Death's fatal chain,
And given our Orpheus to the world again?
Such is thy art, great Kneller, as relieves
His mourning friends, and into joy deceives.
They who beneath the heaviest sorrow bend,
Who grieve not for the Poet, but the Friend.
When they behold this piece, their tears restrain,
And doubt a while if they lament in vain.
So those whom Fate destroys, thy hand can save,
And lengthen out a life beyond the grave.

Oh! do thou place on Dryden's learned brow
The sacred bays; for none dare envy now.
Thus He to future ages shall be shown,
Immortal in Thy Works, as in His Own.

EPISTLE XXXIV.

TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

PARDON, great Duke, if Britain's style delights;
Or, if the Imperial title more invites,
Pardon, great Prince! the failings of a Muse,
That dares not hope for more than your excuse,
Forc'd at a distance to attempt your praise,
And sing your victories in mournful lays,
To cast in shadows, and allay the light
That wounds with nearer rays the dazzled sight,
Nor durst in a direct and open strain
Such acts with her unhallow'd notes prophane:
In towering verse let meaner heroes grow,
And to elaborate lines their greatness owe;
Your actions, own'd by every nation, want
Praises no greater than a foe may grant.

Oh! when shall Europe, by her Marlborough's
sword,
To lasting peace and liberty restor'd,
Allow her weary Champion a retreat,
To his lov'd country and his rising seat?

Where your soft partner, far from martial noise,
Your cares shall sweeten with domestic joys :
Your conquests she with doubtful pleasure hears,
And in the midst of every triumph fears ;
Betwixt her *Queen* and You divides her life,
A Friend obsequious, and a faithful Wife.

Hail, Woodstock ! hail, ye celebrated glades !
Grow fast, ye woods ! and flourish thick, ye shades !
Ye rising towers, for your new Lord prepare,
Like your old Henry, come from Gallia's war.
The General's arms as far the King's o'erpower,
As this new structure does surpass the bower.

The pleasing prospects and romantic scite,
The spacious compass, and the stately height,
The painted gardens, in their flowery prime,
Demand whole volumes of immortal rhyme ;
And, if the Muse would second the design,
Mean as they are, should in my numbers shine ;
There live the joy and wonder of our isles,
Happy in Albion's love and Anna's smiles.

While, from the Godlike race of Churchill born,
Four beauteous Rosamonds this bower adorn,
Who with the ancient Syren of the place
In charms might vie and every blooming grace ;
But, bless'd with equal virtues had she been,
Like them she had been favour'd by the *Queen*,

Whom your high merit, and their own, prefers
To all the worthiest beds of England's Peers.

Thus the great Eagle, when Heaven's wars are
o'er,

And the loud thunder has forgot to roar,
Jove's fires laid by, with those of Venus burns,
To his forsaken mate and shades returns ;
On some proud tree more sacred than the rest,
With curious art he builds his spacious nest ;
In the warm sun lies basking all the day,
While round their Sire the generous Eaglets play ;
Their Sire, well pleas'd to see the noble brood
Fill all the loftiest cedars of the wood.

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EPISTLE XXXV.

TO

LORD CARTERET,

[Afterwards Earl Granville.]

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

BY GEO. SEWELL, M. D.

"-----Animae, quales non candidiores
" Terra tulit-----"

Hor.

SURE there's a fate in excellence, too strong
To struggle with the mortal fabric long;
Whether the weaken'd springs of life decay,
As active thoughts their energy display;
Or the Soul, scornful of her seat, aspires
And, like a guest unsatisfy'd, retires.
Or is Earth robb'd by a resuming Sky,
Only to show it can as fast supply?
Here scythe-arm'd Death the full-grown Virtues
mows,
There the restoring hand of Plenty sows:
Thus patriots die, and patriots mount the sphere,
As some stars set, that others may appear.

Give me profuse of tears o'er Craggs to mourn,
And, grateful, consecrate the much-lov'd urn.
Severe Disease! what power shall mock thy speed,
Elusive of the skilful hand of Mead?
Yet was his course complete, though finish'd soon;
His sun was strong, though darken'd in its noon.
O may no tongue profane thy tomb invade,
Nor envy posthumous pursue thy shade!
Fair shine thy fame, and be thy praises just,
And mix with Addison's thy social dust!
The sweet-tongu'd Addison, whose happy vein
First rival'd, Plato, thy immortal strain;
Though Tully with a strong resemblance vy'd,
And Lewis crowded Academies try'd.
Illustrious friends! (if this poor verse can give
Life to your names) your friendly names shall live,
Long as the structure that your urns contains,
Or liberty with George's line remains.

Who thinks of liberty, but Stanhope's name
Beats in his breast, and sets his soul on flame?
O much-lamented Ghost! thy virtues show
Like stars which through yon azure convex glow;
A beauteous train, that speak the power divine,
And strong in brightness, as in number shine.
Grant Heaven some influence from his ashes dart,
To warm and actuate each British heart!
Divide his gifts! This be the Warrior's heir,
Here let the Statesman, there the Scholar share;

In him were all these various prospects crost,
And future Marlboroughs and Godolphins lost.

Nor thou, O Carteret, with a frown disdain
The Muse that tunes this melancholy strain ;
For who the virtuous grave with incense strows,
The fairest mark to living merit shows.
To count our loss, is only to foresee
What the demanding age expects from thee.
Then let it give its proudest wishes scope,
Thy deeds shall justify its boldest hope.

What is the dark-drawn scene of life supine ?
A dream of entity without design,
A useless space 'twixt Nature's rise and fall,
Forgetting all things, and forgot of all ?
What is the land of sciences when past ?
A wild of thistles, or a barren waste ;
Or vainly wordy, fruitful of dispute ;
Or deep-reserv'd, unprofitably mute.
Few, very few, have on this dross refin'd,
To polish nations, and improve mankind.
These too at mighty distances are seen,
And many a lazy age must pass between.
Fate various eras mix'd, and doubtful draws
Between a Solon's and a Parker's laws.
From our first William's trace to George's days,
Few Walsinghams, and fewer Carterets blaze.

Thee, early ripe, with every grace endued,
The Muses with an eye of blessing view'd :
They form'd thy manners ductile to the lyre,
And bade thee to the noblest seats aspire :
Hence wit and elegance of spirit flow'd,
And the sweet habitude of doing good.
As in the seed to curious eyes appear
The gay unfolded beauties of the year,
The future grove looks green in lesser lines,
And the next harvest in its nonage shines :
The statesman thus was figur'd in thy prime,
And waited but the ripening hour of Time ;
Nor waited long ; thy Genius took a flight,
Out-wing'd thy years, and hasten'd to its height.
As the sun's rays the wakening plants prepare,
As the wing'd whirlwind moves the passive air,
Such is the Genius to the human frame,
An active, vital, and dilating flame,
That mounts beyond the view of vulgar reach,
And puts the principles of life on stretch.

Such, Carteret, in thy breast thy Monarch saw,
And sent thee forth to give rough nations law ;
Long-harrass'd Sweden with new life to chear,
And bid War rest upon his iron spear.
Mad waste of rage ! how wide thy vengeance flew,
Nor breathing respite of the seasons knew ;
The Summer meadow, and the Winter flood,
Only distinguish'd by degrees of blood.

The plunderer's hand consuming unrestrain'd,
As jealous of her store, ev'n Nature drain'd ;
Her surface wasted, deeper still engag'd,
And in the centre of her treasure rag'd.
Then timely, Carteret, rose thy peaceful star,
To calm the Dane, and check the fiercer Czar :
What hand soe'er shall fix the great design,
The first plantation of that Olive's thine.

Now in thy councils let thy country share ;
She best deserves, and most will bless thy care :
An age in faction and corruption lost,
And only haunted by dead Virtue's ghost,
Asks a Lycurgus to correct the times,
And Draco's sentences for unmatch'd crimes.
The shatter'd state, though fearful of her doom,
Sees a new light break chearful through the gloom ;
And still secure the public vessel rides,
While Carteret ministers, and George presides.

EPISTLE XXXVI.

ON

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

BIRTH-DAY,

Aug. the 26th.

BY

The Honorable

GEORGE DODDINGTON,

[Afterwards Lord Melcombe.]

ALL hail, auspicious day, whose wish'd return
Bids every breast with grateful ardor burn ;
While pleas'd Britannia that great man surveys
The Prince may trust, and yet the People praise :
One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
One born to serve us, and yet born to please ;
His soul capacious, yet his judgment clear,
His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere :
His counsels guide, his temper cheers our isle,
And smiling gives three kingdoms cause to smile.
August, how bright thy golden scenes appear,
Thou fairest daughter of the various year !
On thee the sun with all his ardor glows,
On thee in dowry all its fruits bestows ;

The greatest Prince, the foremost son of fame,
To thee bequeath'd the glories of his name ;
Nature and Fortune thee their darling chose,
Nor could they grace thee more, 'till Walpole rose.
By steps to mighty things Fate makes her way,
The Sun and Caesar but prepar'd this day.

EPISTLE XXXVII.

TO
HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF ARGYLL,

UPON READING THE PREAMBLE TO THE PATENT,

Creating him

DUKE OF GREENWICH.

BY
MR. POPE.

MINDLESS of fate, in these low vile abodes,
Tyrants have oft usurp'd the style of gods;
But that the mortal may be thought divine,
The herald straight new modell'd all his line;
And venal priest, with well-dissembled lie,
Preambled to the crowd the mimic Deity.
Not so great Saturn's son, imperial Jove,
He reigns unquestion'd in his realms above;
No title from descent he need infer,
His red right arm proclaims the thunderer.
This, Campbell, be thy pride, illustrious peer,
Alike to shine distinguish'd in thy sphere.
All merit but thine own thou may'st disdain,
And kings have been thine ancestors in vain.

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EPISTLE XXXVIII.

TO THE AUTHOR

OF A
PANEGYRIC

ON
MRS. GRACE BUTLER,

WHO DIED AGED LXXXVI.

SUPPOSED FROM HER SPIRIT.

By the Same.

STRIPT to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in day;
Unwarm'd by vanity; unreach'd by strife;
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life,
Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
And, tho' unbodied, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the formless mind control?
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath?
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the glooms of death?

No,—'tis a spirit's nobler taste of bliss !
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this ;
That not its own applause, but thine, approves ;
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves !
Who liv'st, to crown departed friends with fame !
Then, dying late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim.

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EPISTLE XXXIX.

BY THE
RIGHT HONORABLE THE
EARL OF CARLISLE,

ON HIS
SCHOOLFELLOWS WHILE AT ETON.

IN youth, 'tis said, you easily may scan,
Strong stamp'd, the outlines of the future man;
This maxim true, how bright will St. John shine,
Form'd by the hand of all the tuneful Nine!
If not to careless indolence a prey,
How will whole nations listen to his lay!

Say, will Fitzwilliam ever want a heart
Cheerful, his ready blessings to impart?
Will not another's woe his bosom share,
The widow's sorrow, and the orphan's prayer?
Who aids the old, who soothes the mother's cry,
Who wipes the tear from off the virgin's eye?
Who feeds the hungry? who assists the lame?
All, all re-echo with Fitzwilliam's name.
Thou know'st I hate to flatter, yet in thee
No fault, my friend, no single speck I see.

Nor, if alike my former maxims true,
Shall e'er ill-nature tinge thy heart, Buccleugh;
Shall deep remorse thy honest bosom tear,
Disdainful anger, or corroding care;
Shall e'er ambition dissipate that smile,
Disturb that heart, so free from every guile:
Sooner to Bute shall Temple bend his knee,
And * or * * pious Christians be.

How will my Fox, alone, thy strength of parts,
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen? while around you stand
Both peers and commons listening your command;
While Tully's sense its weight to you affords,
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words:
What praise to Pitt, to Townshend e'er was due,
In future times, my Fox, shall wait on you.

Mild as the dew that whitens yonder plain,
Legge shines serenest 'midst your youthful train;
He whom the search of Fame with rapture moves,
Disdains the pedant, tho' the muse he loves;
By nature form'd with modesty to please,
And join'd with wisdom unaffected ease.

Will e'er Ophaly, consciously unjust,
Revoke his promise, or betray his trust?
What, tho' perhaps with warmer zeal he'd hear
The echoing horn, the sportsman's hearty cheer,

Than god-like Homer's elevated song ;
Loud as the torrent, as the billows strong ;
Cast o'er this fault a friendly veil, you'll find
A friendly, social, and ingenuous mind.

Witness, ye Naiads, and ye guardian powers,
Who sit sublime on Henry's lofty towers ;
Witness if e'er I saw thy open brow,
Sunk in despair, or sadden'd into woe,
Well-natur'd Stavordale—the task is thine
Foremost in pleasure's festive band to shine :
Say, wilt thou pass alone the midnight hour,
Studious the depths of Plato to explore ?
To lighter subjects shall thy soul give way,
Nor heed what grave philosophers shall say ?
The god of mirth shall list thee in his train,
A cheerful vot'ry, and the foe of pain.

Whether I Storer sing in hours of joy,
When every look bespeaks the inward boy ;
Or when no more mirth wantons in his breast,
And all the man appears in him confest ;
In mirth, in sadness, sing him how I will,
Sense and good-nature must attend him still.

EPISTLE XL.

TO THE
EARL OF CARLISLE,

OCCASIONED BY THE PRECEDING.

MY Lord, your verses, penn'd with so much ease,
The fair, the young, and ev'n the critics please ;
Such solid sense, and grace, and judgment meet,
We add the epithet of Strong to Sweet.
That some are peers by stars and strings we find ;
You, by intrinsic nobleness of mind ;
Fair Fancy's manly strokes your lines adorn ;
We truly may pronounce you, poet born :
And if in youth your genius we may scan,
How will it glow, and brighten in the man !
True sings the bard, that one well-natur'd deed,
Does all desert in sciences exceed :
And if, my Lord, from what you write, we guess,
Yourself those virtues, which you paint, possess :

The sense of St. John, Fox, and Legge's your
due,

The sweetness of unblameable Buccleugh;
Ophaly's honor, Stavordale's desert,
Storer's good-nature, and Fitzwilliam's heart.

EPISTLE XLI.

TO

MR. CONGREVE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS
"WAY OF THE WORLD."

BY MR. STEELE.

[Afterwards Sir Richard.]

WHEN Pleasure's falling to the low delight,
In the vain joys of the uncertain sight ;
No sense of Wit when rude spectators know,
But in distorted gesture, farce and show ;
How could, great Author, your aspiring mind,
Dare to write only to the few refin'd !
Yet, though that nice ambition you pursue,
'Tis not in Congreve's power to please but few.
Implicitly devoted to his fame,
Well-dress'd Barbarians know his awful name ;
Though senseless they're of mirth, but when they
 laugh,
As they feel wine, but when, till drunk, they quaff.

On you, from Fate, a lavish portion fell,
In every way of writing to excell.

Your Muse applause to Arabella brings,
In notes as sweet as Arabella sings.
Whene'er you draw an undissembled woe,
With sweet distress your rural numbers flow ;
Pastora's the complaint of every swain,
Pastora still the echo of the plain !
Or, if your Muse describe, with warming force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his horse ;
And her own William, glorious in the strife,
Bestowing on the prostrate foe his life :
You the great act as generously rehearse,
And all the English fury's in your verse.

By your selected scenes and handsome choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her voice ;
You check unjust esteem and fond desire,
And teach to scorn what else we should admire ;
The just impression taught by you we bear,
The player acts the world, the world the player,
Whom still that world unjustly disesteems,
Though he alone professes what he seems.

But, when your Muse assumes her tragic part,
She conquers and she reigns in every heart ;
To mourn with her, men cheat their private woe,
And generous pity's all the grief they know ;
The widow, who, impatient of delay,
From the town joys must mask it to the play,
Joins with your Mourning-Bride's resistless moan,
And weeps a loss she slighted when her own.

You give us torment, and you give us ease,
And vary our affections as you please ;
Is not a heart so kind as yours in pain,
To load your friends with cares you only feign ;
Your friends in grief, compos'd yourself, to leave ?
But 'tis the only way you 'll e'er deceive.
Then still, great Sir, your moving power employ,
To lull our sorrow, and correct our joy.

LI.

EPISTLE XLII.

TO THE
AUTHOR OF CLARISSA.

BY
JOHN DUNCOMBE, A. M.

If, 'mid their round of pleasure, to convey
An useful lesson to the young and gay ;
To swell their eyes with pearly drops, and share,
With cards and dress, the converse of the fair :
If, with the boasted bards of classic age,
Th' attention of the learned to engage,
And in the bosom of the rake to raise
A tender, social feeling—merit praise ;
The gay, the fair, the learn'd, even rakes, agree
To give that praise to nature, truth, and thee.

Transported now to Harlowe-Place, we view
Thy matchless maid her godlike tasks pursue ;
Visit the sick or needy, and bestow
Drugs to relieve, or words to soften woe ;
Or, with the pious Lewen, hear her soar

Heights unattain'd by female minds before.
Then to her ivy-bower she pleas'd retires,
And with light touch the trembling keys inspires :
While wakeful Philomel no more complains,
But, raptur'd, listens to her sweeter strains.

Now (direful contrast !) in each gloomy shade
Behold a pitying swain, or weeping maid !
And hark ! with sullen swing, the tolling bell
Proclaims that loss which language fails to tell.
In awful silence soon a sight appears,
That points their sorrows, and renews their tears :
For, lo ! far-blackening all the verdant meads,
With slow parade, the funeral pomp proceeds :
Methinks even now I hear th' encumber'd ground,
And pavement, echo with a rumbling sound :
And see the servants' tearful eyes declare
With speaking look, the herse, the herse, is here !

But, O thou sister of Clarissa's heart,
Can I the anguish of thy soul impart,
When, from your chariot flown with breathless haste,
Her clay-cold form, yet beauteous, you embrac'd;
And cried with heaving sobs, and broken strains,
Are these—are these—my much-lov'd friend's re-
mains ?

Then view each Harlowe-face ; remorse, despair,
And self-condemning grief, are pictur'd there.
Now first the brother feels, with guilty sighs,
Fraternal passions in his bosom rise :

By shame and sorrow equally oppress,
The sister wrings her hands, and beats her breast.
With streaming eyes, too late, the mother blames
Her tame submission to the tyrant James:
Even he, the gloomy father, o'er the herse
Laments his rashness, and recalls his curse.
And thus each parent, who, with haughty sway,
Expects his child to tremble and obey;
Who hopes his power by rigor to maintain,
And meanly worships at the shrine of gain;
Shall mourn his error, and, repenting, own,
That bliss can ne'er depend on wealth alone.
Riches may charm, and pageantry invite:
But what are these, unless the minds unite?
Drive then insatiate avarice from your breast,
Nor think a Solmes can make Clarissa blest.

And you, ye fair, the wish of every heart,
Tho' grac'd by nature, and adorn'd by art,
Tho' sprightly youth its vernal bloom bestow,
And on your cheeks the blush of beauty glow,
Here see how soon those roses of a day,
Nipt by a frost, fade, wither, and decay!
Nor youth nor beauty could Clarissa save,
Snatch'd to an early, not untimely grave.
But still her own unshaken innocence,
Spotless and pure, unconscious of offence,
In the dread hour of death her bosom warm'd
With more than manly courage, and disarm'd

The griesly king : in vain the tyrant tried
His awful terrors—for she smil'd, and died.

You too, ye libertines, who idly jest
With virtue wrong'd, and innocence distress ;
Who vainly boast of what should be your shame,
And triumph in the wreck of female fame ;
Be warn'd, like Belford, and behold, with dread,
The hand of vengeance hovering o'er your head !
If not, in Belton's agonies you view
What dying horrors are reserv'd for you.

In vain even Lovelace, healthy, young, and gay,
By nature form'd to please, and to betray,
Tried from himself, by change of place, to run ;
For that intruder, Thought, he could not shun.
Tasteless were all the pleasures that he view'd
In foreign courts ; for conscience still pursu'd :
The lost Clarissa each succeeding night,
In starry garment, swims before his sight ;
Nor ease by day her shrill complaints afford,
But far more deeply wound than Morden's sword.

O ! if a sage had thus on Attic plains
Improv'd at once and charm'd the listening swains ;
Had he, with matchless energy of thought,
Great truths like these in antient Athens taught :
On fam'd Ilyssus' banks in Parian stone
His breathing bust conspicuous would have shone ;

Even Plato, in Lyceum's awful shade,
Th' instructive page with transport had survey'd;
And own'd its author to have well supplied
The place his laws to Homer's self denied.

EPISTLE XLIII.

TO

MRS. BINDON,

At Bath.

BY THE HONORABLE

SIR CHA. HANBURY WILLIAMS, BART.

APOLLO of old on Britannia *did* smile,
And Delphi forsook for the sake of this isle.
Around him he lavishly scatter'd his lays,
And in every wilderness planted his bays ;
Then Chaucer and Spenser harmonious were heard,
Then Shakspeare, and Milton, and Waller appear'd,
And Dryden, whose brows by Apollo were crown'd,
As he sung in such strains as the God might have
own'd :

But now, since the laurel is given of late
To Cibber, to Eusden, to Shadwell and Tate,
Apollo has quitted the isle he once lov'd,
And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd ;
He vows and he swears he'll inspire us no more,
And has put out Pope's fires which he kindled be-
fore ;

And further he says, *men* no longer shall boast
A science their slight and ill treatment hath lost;
But that *women* alone for the future shall write;
And who can resist, when they doubly delight?
And, lest we should doubt what he said to be true,
Has begun by inspiring Sapphira and You.

EPISTLE XLIV.

MRS. BINDON's

ANSWER.

WHEN home I return'd from the dancing last night,
And elate by your praises attempted to write,
I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
And told him how many fine things you had said.
He smil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
Your wit, and not mine, by your writings you shew:
And then, says the God, still to make you more vain,
He hath promis'd that I shall enlighten your brain;
When he knows in his heart, if he speak but his mind,
That no woman alive can now boast I am kind:
For since Daphne to shun me grew into a laurel,
With the sex I have sworn still to keep up the quarrel.
I thought it all joke, till by writing to you,
I have prov'd his resentment, alas! but too true.

EPISTLE XLV.

SIR CHARLES's

REPLY.

I'LL not believe that Phoebus did not smile,
Unhappily for you I know his style ;
To strains like yours of old his harp he strung,
And while he dictatèd Orinda sung.
Did beauteous Daphnè's scorn of proffer'd love
Against the sex his indignation move ?
It rather made you his peculiar care,
Convinc'd from thence, ye were as good as fair.
As mortals, who from dust receiv'd their birth,
Must when they die return to native earth ;
So too the laurel, that your brow adorns,
Sprang from the fair, and to the fair returns.

EPISTLE XLVI.

TO

A LADY,

Who sent Compliments to a

CLERGYMAN

UPON THE TEN OF HEARTS.

YOUR compliments, dear Lady, pray forbear,
Old English services are more sincere ;
You send Ten Hearts, the tithe is only mine,
Give me but One, and burn the other Nine.

EPISTLE XLVII.

TO
LADY MARY CHAMBERS.

ON HER
INTENDED VOYAGE INTO TURKEY.

BY
BAINBRIGG BUCKEREDGE, ESQ.

WHY should the charming Galatea shun
The bleeding conquests that her eyes have won ?
Oh ! stay, and give us yet a gentler fate ;
For absence is more cruel than your hate.
Love in those eyes so absolutely reigns,
We're slaves by choice, nor wish to quit our chains ;
Vain of our wounds, and proud to be undone,
We would not from the glorious ruin run.
Her charms the limit of an isle disdain,
And spread a powerful empire o'er the main.
Shall she to barbarous coasts from hence remove,
And melt their tyrant hearts with flames of love ?
To punish haughty slaves, that proudly dare,
Triumph o'er beauty and insult the fair ?

Ev'n he, whose nod a thousand beauties wait,
And, wishing, silently expect their fate ;
Aw'd by her charms, shall a just vengeance meet,
And lie a slave despairing at her feet.

But O! bright Nymph, let not a long return
Make wretched we your tedious absence mourn:
Let then the barbarous nations soon restore
Fair Galatea to the British shore :
Else they expect in vain the war should cease,
And England's Moderator signs in vain the peace.

VII.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

TO THE
LADY MARCHIONESS GREY.

BY THE HONORABLE
MISS MARGARET YORKE.

THY shades, Vacuna, and thy verdant meads,
The seat of Heroes fam'd for valiant deeds,
Demand the song. O gentle Graia! hear;
To a young Bard a few short moments spare:
Be thou my Muse, and with one gracious smile
Reward and animate the tuneful toil.
And O! inspire my verse, while it recites
Vacuna's much-lov'd elegant delights:
Whether embower'd in shady groves we walk,
Or in the Temple of chaste Dian talk;
Or if with laughter clear the dome resounds,
When Wray the ear with uncouth phrases wounds:
If now the sprightly Bam our wit employs,
Now graver studies give more solid joys:
If lightly on the green we jocund dance,
Or round the spacious garden choose to prance;
Whether the setting-sun-beam's golden fire,
Or Cynthia's paler beauties we admire;

Still Innocence and Virtue lead the round,
With Mirth and Pleasure all our days are crown'd.
And O! if Heaven will hear my ardent prayer,
And grant a wish, which from my bosom ne'er
Shall be remov'd—long may these shades obey
The mild commands of her, whose name adorns this
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EPISTLE XLIX.

TO A
LADY,

WITH A
PRESENT OF POPE'S WORKS.

BY THE
HON. CHARLES TORKE.

THE lover oft, to please some faithless dame,
With vulgar presents feeds the dying flame,
Then adds a verse, of slighted vows complains,
While she the giver and the gift disdains,
These strains no idle suit to thee commend,
On whom gay Loves with chaste Desires attend ;
Nor fancied excellence, nor amorous care,
Prompts to rash praise, or fills with fond despair ;
Enough, if the fair volume find access ;
Thee the great poet's lay shall best express ;
Thy beauteous image there thou may'st regard,
Which strikes with modest awe the meaner bard.
Sure, had he living view'd thy tender youth,
The blush of honor, and the grace of truth,

Ne'er with Belinda's charms his song had glow'd,
But from thy form the lov'd idea flow'd ;
His wanton satire ne'er the sex had scorn'd,
For thee, by Virtue and the Muse adorn'd.

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EPISTLE L.

TO
A LADY,

SENT HER WITH
LORD LANSDOWNE'S HEROIC LOVE.

THE noble Granville here has nicely shown
Heroic Love, a copy of his own ;
No flight of fancy, but his heart indites
These moving scenes ; and what he feels, he writes.
With love like his, though in unequal lays,
Too charming Maid, I offer at thy praise.
Look on Chryseis ; she each feature drew
In nature's pride, and sure she sate for you.
Observe her sad farewell, she best can give
The dire account, what 'tis to part—and live !
You 've all her charms, her beauty, and her youth ;
But want, I fear, her kindness, and her truth.

Well had it been for Priam and his race,
Had Fate set me in Agamemnon's place,
And you Chryseis : glory should have strove
But faintly then against the force of Love.

Deaf to renown, and scorning to be great,
I'd left the camp for some obscure retreat.
There, gazing on those lovely eyes, prefer
One smile of yours to all the pomp of war;
And, every mark of royalty laid down,
Had languish'd at your feet, and sav'd the town.

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EPISTLE LI.

TO

A LADY,

WITH A BOOK OF MORALITY,

Entitled

VISIONS.

“ So strong the passions of the human mind,
To truth reluctant, and to reason blind ;
These rules, compar'd with real life, must seem
All airy visions, and an empty dream :
For when a plan of conduct we would draw,
That dares the critic's eye to show a flaw,
Fancy may wish its antitype to see,
And feast upon its charms in theory ;
Yet still in practice all our hopes are vain,
To realize this image of the brain.”
Thus, foe to nature, spoke the gloomy sage ;
But let his labor'd lines inform the page ;
Let him exhaust his genius to display,
Truth's pleasant path, and virtue's peaceful way :

Each moral rule with energy dispense,
That forms the conduct, or improves the sense :
Still must philosophy renounce the prize,
Still nature must to art superior rise ;
For nature now triumphantly can shew
A living instance of those rules in You.

EPISTLE LII.

TO
THREE AMIABLE SISTERS,

WITH
HAMMOND'S LOVE ELEGIES.

BY
THE REV. — KYNASTON, M. A.
Late Fellow of Brazen-Nose, Oxford.

READ here the pangs of unsuccessful Love ;
And oh ! let pity your soft bosoms move.
Whilst Hammond, hapless youth ! for Delia burns,
The plaintive Muse in sweetest accents mourns :
What Belle so savage, but their force must own ?
What heart that melts not, but an heart of stone ?

Read then, and listen to the Muse's voice :
Let this example sanctify your choice.
When the fond youth his passion strives to prove,
By Hammond's symptoms try the force of love :
Mark well the speaking eye, th' impassion'd tear,
The pulse quick-throbbing, and the sigh sincere.
Then, then be banish'd every meaner guest,
Nor avarice, nor ambition, fire your breast.

Ye fairer Delias ! choose the better part,
Nor slight the youth who gives you all his heart ;
But crown with mutual love the generous flame,
And happier Hammonds shall record your name.

II.

EPISTLE LIII.

TO

A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER

PRESENTING THE AUTHOR
WITH A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

By the Same.

THE Poets (fabling tribe!) aver,
That once the ruthless God of War,
(Who, bred amid the din of arms,
Defy'd the power of Beauty's charms,
And long had, proudly, scorn'd to wear
The pleasing fetters of the Fair)
Struck with the graceful air and mien,
And roseate bloom of Cyprus' Queen;
His savage fierceness all forbore,
Subdued by Venus' magic lore;
And soon became, her power to prove,
A convert to the force of Love.

The wily Goddess then, 'tis said,
All with an heavenly-temper'd braid

Of net-work, circled him around,
And to her snowy bosom bound ;
Secur'd the conquest of her eyes,
And, by the rulers of the skies,
From the fierce God of War so tam'd,
Thenceforth was BEAUTY'S GODDESS nam'd.

Thus say the Poets—who in fiction,
In figure, and in contradiction
To all the laws of modest Nature,
Trick out a strange romantic creature,
Which after all they quaintly feign,
No where exists, but in the brain.

Might I the genuine truth reveal,
And would you listen to the tale ;
Would you, indulgently, supply
Whate'er I pass in silence by—
Whose was the dull, insensate breast,
Which Beauty's power, at length confess'd—
Who soon became, that power to prove,
A convert to the force of love :
Would you conceive who 'tis I mean—
The rest 'twere easy to explain :
“ The heavenly net-work, Venus' snare,
Was this—A RINGLET OF HER HAIR :
And She, to give her ALL her due,
Some faint resemblance was of—YOU.”

EPISTLE LIV.

TO A
LADY

MAKING A PIN-BASKET.

BY
SIR JAMES MARRIOT.

WHILE objects of a parent's care
With joy your fond attention share,
Madam, accept th' auspicious strain;
Nor rise your beauteous work in vain:
Oft be your second race survey'd,
And oft a new pin-basket made.

When marriage was in all its glory
(So poets, madam, tell the story,)
Ere Plutus damp'd love's purer flame,
Or Smithfield bargains had a name,
In heav'n a blooming youth and bride
At Hymen's altars were ally'd;
When Cupid had his Psyche won,
And, all her destin'd labors done,
The cruel Fates their rage relented,
And mamma Venus had consented.

At Jove's command, and Hermes' call,
The train appear'd to fill the hall,
And gods and goddesses were drest,
To do them honor in their best.
The little rogues now pass'd the row,
And look'd and mov'd I don't know how,
And, ambling hand in hand, appear
Before the mighty Thunderer.
Low at his throne they bent the knee :
He smil'd the blushing pair to see,
Lay'd his tremendous bolt aside,
And strok'd their cheeks, and kiss'd the bride.

Says Juno, since our Jove's so kind,
My dear, some present I must find.
In greatest pleasures, greatest dangers,
We and the sex were never strangers ;
With bounteous hand my gifts I spread,
Presiding o'er the marriage-bed.
Soon, for the months are on the wing,
To you a daughter fair I bring,
And know, from this your nuptial morn
Shall Pleasure, smiling babe, be born.
But for the babe we must prepare ;
That too shall be your Juno's care.
Apollo from his golden lyre
Shall first assist us with the wire ;
Vulcan shall make the silver pin ;
The basket thus we shall begin,

Where we may put the child's array,
And get it ready by the day.
The nymphs themselves with flowers shall dress
it,
Pallas shall weave, and I will bless it.

EPISTLE LV.

TO
A LADY,
WITH A PAIR OF GLOVES
ON
VALENTINE'S DAY.

FROM
VILLIERS,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

BRIMFUL of anger, not of love,
The champion sends his foe one glove ;
But I, who have a double share
Of softer passion, send a pair.
Nor think it, dearest Celia, cruel,
That I invite you to a duel :
Ready to meet you face to face,
At any time, in any place :
Nor will I leave you in the lurch,
Tho' You should dare to name the church ;
There come equipp'd with all your charms,
The ring and licence are my arms ;
With these I mean your power to try,
And meet my charmer, though I die.

EPISTLE LVI.

TO
A LADY,

WITH A
BOUGH OF AN ORANGE TREE.

BY
WILLIAM HARRISON, ESQ.

FROM a warm clime and generous soil
This plant remov'd deludes our toil,
Disdains what baffled art has done,
And drooping mourns the distant sun.
Yet, Mira, near thy bosom plac'd,
It shall new life, new pleasure taste ;
Sweets, more than nature gave, dispense,
Nor lend thee charms, but borrow thence.

See the young fruit thy power confess,
And love their own Bermudas less ;
Though all that we think bright and fair,
Though Paradise itself be there.

Ripen'd by thy auspicious eyes,
And eager to bestow the prize,
For which thy matchless beauties call,
Each kindles to a golden ball ;
Love's smiling Queen, whose tender aid
Protects the Myrtle's fragrant shade,
Fore-knowing what thy charms would be,
Left to thy choice this fairer tree.

EPISTLE LVII.

WRITTEN AT THE
REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN
To whom
A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D.

WHAT hopes, what terrors does thy gift create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate !
The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious than a reigning Fair,
Oft favors, oft rejects a lover's pray'r :
In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,
In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain ;
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle spreads ;
Oh ! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart ;
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

EPISTLE LVIII.

TO

A LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

A KNIFE, dear Girl, cuts love they say—
Mere modish love, perhaps it may ;
For any tool of any kind,
Can sep'rate what was never join'd.
The Knife that cuts *our* love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do :
Must cut your softness, worth and spirit
Down to the vulgar size of merit ;
To level your's with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste ;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever ;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you,
A Summer ;—and a short one too :

All that affection feels, and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.—
Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this Knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their Proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—'cut and come again.'

EPISTLE LIX.

FROM
A GENTLEMAN,
ON THE LATE
ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING-DAY,

TO HIS WIFE
WITH A RING, AND THE FOLLOWING LINES.

By the Same.

“THEE, MARY, with this ring I wed,”
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring!—“For what?”
“To wed thee o’er again,—why not?”—

With the FIRST ring I married Youth,
Grace, Beauty, Innocence, and Truth;
Taste long admir’d, Sense long rever’d:
And all my MOLLY THEN appear’d.

If she, by merit since disclos’d,
Prove twice the woman I suppos’d,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then, to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardor as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rites divine
I took thy troth, and plighted mine)
To thee, sweet girl, my SECOND ring,
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till Death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
These virtues, which, before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing Wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For Conscience sake, as well as Love's.

For why?—They shew me hour by hour
Honor's high thought, Affection's pow'r,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence:
And teach me all things—but Repentance!

EPISTLE LX.

TO
A YOUNG LADY,

ON
SEEING HER DANCE.

BY PETER PINNELL, M. A.

O! may you walk, as years advance,
Smooth and erect, as now you dance ;
May you on each important stage,
From bloom of youth to wither'd age,
Assert your claim to merit's prize,
And, as at present, charm our eyes ;
Observant of decorum's laws,
And moving with the same applause,
May you, thro' life's perplexing maze,
Direct your steps with equal praise ;
Its intricate meanders trace
With regularity and grace ;
From the true figure never swerve,
And time in every step observe ;
Give ear to harmony and reason,
Nor make one motion out of season !

Thus will life's current gently flow,
And pour forth every bliss below ;
Till nature failing, ebb shall bring
Death with his dart—but not his sting!

EPISTLE LXI.

TO
A LADY,
ON
ASKING MY OPINION OF FRIENDSHIP.

By the Same.

WOULD Chloe know the highest bliss,
That friendship boasts—it must be this ;—
When Hymen crowns what Love begun,
And two fond hearts unite in one ;
When each, as to delight or pain,
Is bound in sympathetic chain,
And both reciprocally borrow,
To heighten joy, or sweeten sorrow.
This is the highest bliss below,
This friendship only can bestow ;
And may propitious heaven design,
That such a friendship shall be mine,
And since this wish relates to two,
O ! may that friendship be with You !

EPISTLE LXII.

TO
A LADY.

BY
THE REV. S. HENLEY.

By the side of a stream that strays thro' the grove,
I met in a ramble, the blithe God of Love ;
His bow o'er his shoulder was carelessly ty'd,
His quiver in negligence clank'd at his side ;
A handful of arrows he held to my view,
Each wing'd with a feather that differ'd in hue.
" This fledg'd from the eagle, he smiling begun,
I aim at the heart that no dangers will shun ;
And this from the peacock, all gaudy array'd,
The breast of Sir Fopling is sure to invade.
When I point at the Witling proud of his wit,
My shaft in the plume of a parrot will hit ;
And when I've a mind that the Jealous should
 smart,
I pierce with an owl-feather'd arrow his heart.

For the Youth, in whom truth and fondness reside,
From the breast of a dove my dart is supply'd :
This I value the most :—and this 'twas I found
From You, O my Delia, that gave me the wound.

II.
E,

EPISTLE LXIII.

TO

LADY HERVEY.

BY

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

HERVEY, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast ?
Trifling is the inclination,
That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the lover,
True love is by silence known ;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.

EPISTLE LXIV.

A
BIRTH-DAY OFFERING

TO A
YOUNG LADY.

FROM HER LOVER.

BY GEORGE CANNING, ESQ.

ERE this short winter's day be gone,
My MARY-ANNE is twenty-one.
Of days still shorter just a Lent,
Patch'd up from different years is spent,
Since her Devoted fairly reckon'd
The close of year the thirty-second.
Bending beneath the weight of years,
Full as infirm as he appears,
What can a worn-out lover do,
With twenty-one at thirty-two?
For such a phrenzy no defence is—
The girl has clearly lost her senses.

Perhaps deceiv'd by some fond notion,
Embrac'd in rapture of devotion,

(I quote such fancies to expose 'em)
She dreams of bliss in Abraham's bosom ;
And chuses an Antique the rather,
With better grace to call him father.

Perhaps—but fiction be suppress'd,
While real joy expands my breast—
My faithful flame her heart approves,
And O! transporting thought! she loves.

When Souls, by impulse sympathetic,
By intuition most prophetic,
By feelings, which they cannot smother,
Leap at first glance to meet each other,
When each itself in t' other traces,
What matter for their different cases ?
Of kin, perhaps, in pre-existence,
Without dull Reason's slow assistance,
They recollect the happy union,
And long to recommence communion.
I must confess that such attraction,
For ease, convenience, satisfaction,
Were best if, on deliberation,
It met with Reason's approbation :
Not as of absolute dominion,
To rule by dint of dark opinion ;
Not as a Lord of sovereign sway,
Whom love must worship and obey ;
But merely as the herd inferior
May judge the acts of Powers superior ;

As my poor intellect, or thine,
May scan authority divine—
In short, I'd have our simple love,
Not *against* reason, but *above*.

Two birds, suppose, of various feather,
Hung in one room by chance together.
To airs melodious tune their voices,
While each the other's ear rejoices :
If, without half a note erroneous,
The song be perfectly harmonious,
What matter for the forms or ages,
Of bills, of feathers, and of cages ?

DEAN SWIFT, whose talent lives no more,
His Stella sung at forty-four ;
And breath'd an idle wish to split
In twain her beauty, years, and wit—
Of half her charms he made a proffer
For youth ; but Time disdain'd his offer.
Far happier I, who well could spare,
Of each accomplishment a share,
Yet leave an ample store of charms,
To bring Elysium to my arms,
Am not reduc'd those charms to barter,
And cry to heedless Time for quarter—
Fly, Sluggard, on thy swiftest wing,
My charmer yields not All till Spring !

Then, firm in Constancy's reliance,
I bid thy cruel scythe defiance;
Deal when thou wilt the deadly blow,
Thou canst but separate below,
Thy first can but for moments sever,
Thy second re-unites for ever.

Perhaps, suspending mortal rage,
By silent sap, and creeping age,
By subtle, secret slow approaches,
As mildew on the blade incroaches,
Thou hop'st, malignant fiend! to tame
The ardor of love's fiercest flame—
Vain shalt thou find thy keenest blast,
Bliss once possess'd, thy power is past.
Can years, while sense remains, destroy
The memory of transcendent joy?
Can years bright innocence impair?
Can years make Virtue look less fair?

But Beauty, by thy influence curst,
May sicken—Tyrant, do thy worst!
I know thy power, and am prepar'd
To meet thy sharpest darts unscar'd.
Though Body, Mind, thou canst control,
Own thy survivor in the Soul;
Whose perfect bliss is not enjoy'd,
Till thou art utterly destroy'd.

Ev'n here, as health and beauty fail,
While lilies o'er the rose prevail,
Long ere thy menac'd ills can harm,
Though every hour should steal a charm—
Long ere, by twenty stars a day,
The spangled Heavens would wear away.

Unconscious of the gradual wane,
As years their empire slowly gain,
While my Ideas, in the race,
Observe a due-proportioned pace,
And limbs grow cold, and senses falter,
I sha'nt perceive her Person alter.
When Age her dimpled cheek beguiles,
And wrinkles plants, instead of smiles,
Though every Cupid he should smother,
I'll think her handsome as their mother.
When, steady to his barbarous plan,
To spoil my lovely MARY-ANNE,
The savage unrelenting creature
Has robb'd her face of every feature,
And, to conceptions merely common,
My charmer seems a plain old woman,
Still in my heart she'll hold her throne,
Still in my eyes be twenty-one,

IV.

EPISTLE LXV.

TO
CORINNA,

BY
EARL NUGENT.

WHILE I those hard commands obey,
Which tear me from thee far away ;
Never did yet love-tortur'd youth,
So dearly prove his doubted truth ;
For never woman charm'd like thee,
And never man yet lov'd like me.

All creatures whom fond flames inspire,
Pursue the object they desire ;
But I, prepost'rous doom ! must prove
By distant flight the strongest love ;
And ev'ry way distress'd by fate,
Must lose thy sight, or meet thy hate.

EPISTLE LXVI.

TO

CAMILLA,

By the Same.

WEARY'D with indolent repose,
A life unmix'd with joys or woes;
Where all the lazy moments crept,
And every passion sluggish slept;
I wish'd for love's inspiring pains,
To rouse the loiterer in my veins.
Th' officious power my call attends,
He who uncall'd his succour lends;
And with a smile of wanton spite,
He gave Camilla to my sight.
Her eyes their willing captive seize,
Her look, her air, her manner please;
New beauties please, unseen before,
Or seen, in her they please me more;
And soon, too soon, alas! I find
The virtues of a nobler kind.

Now cheerful springs the morning ray,
Now cheerful sinks the closing day;

For every morn with her I walk'd,
And every eve with her I talk'd ;
With her I lik'd the vernal bloom,
With her I lik'd the crowded room ;
From her at night I went with pain,
And long'd for morn to meet again.

How quick the smiling moments pass,
Through varying fancy's mimic glass !
While the gay scene is painted o'er,
Where all was one wide blank before ;
And sweetly sooth'd th' enchanting dream,
'Till love inspir'd a bolder scheme.

Camilla, stung with grief and shame ;
Now marks, and shuns the guilty flame ;
Fierce anger lighten'd in her face,
Then cold reserve assum'd its place :
And soon, the wretch's hardest fate,
Contempt succeeds declining hate.
No more my presence now she flies,
She sees me with unheeding eyes ;
Sees me with various passions burn,
Enrag'd depart, submiss return ;
Return with flattering hopes to find
Soft pity move her gentle mind.
But ah ! her looks were still the same,
Unmark'd I went, unmark'd I came ;
Unmark'd were all my hopes and fears,
While Strephon whispers in her ears.

O Jealousy ! distracting guest !
Fly to some happy lover's breast ;
Fitly with joy thou minglest care,
But why inhabit with despair ?

EPISTLE LXVII.

TO
CLARISSA.

By the Same.

'Twas when the friendly shade of night
Suspends the busy cares of light,
And on the various world bestows
Or sprightly joy, or calm repose.
With gen'rous wine the glass was crown'd,
And mirth, and talk, and toasts went round.

Clarissa came to bless the feast,
Clarissa, dearly welcome guest.
Not such she look'd as when by day
She blazes in the diamond's ray;
And adding to each gem a grace,
Gives India's wealth the second place.
But soft reclin'd in careless ease,
More pleasing, less intent to please.
Loose flow'd her hair in wanton pride,
Her robe unbound, her zone unty'd;
Half bare to view her milk-white breast,
A slender veil scarce shades the rest;

Her eye with sparkling lustre glows,
And wit in sweetest accent flows.

Now sooth'd the angel's voice I hear,
And drink in love at either ear ;
Now stung with wilder rapture gaze,
While our eyes meet with blended rays ;
And kindling in th' infectious flame,
I feel what words want pow'r to name.

Awaking from the silent trance,
Cautious I steal a broken glance ;
In clam'rous mirth each pang disguise,
And laughter swell with bursting sighs ;
For Envy, pallid fiend, was there,
And Jealousy with watchful care.

Now ends the feast, each guest retires,
And with them all my soul desires,
Clarissa goes.—Ah ! cruel fate !
She goes with her ill-sorted mate :
Sullen and slow he moves along,
And heavy hums a drowsy song.
O ! drowsy may the monster lye,
And instant slumbers seal his eye !
So shalt thou, best belov'd, escape
The horrors of a legal rape.

Or, should the brutish instinct goad,
And thou must bear th' unwelcome load ;

If struggle, pray'r, pretence be vain,
To shun what tyrant-laws ordain ;
Ah! sparing deal our scanty dues,
And keep whate'er thou canst refuse !
Ah! give no bounding pulse to beat,
No cheek to glow with genial heat !
No breast to heave in am'rous play,
No limbs to twine, no hands to stray ;
But sluggish press the joyless bed,
And lie in cold indiff'rence dead :
Nor let the blasting spoiler sip
The fragrance of thy balmy lip !
To share with him the lover's part,
Were rank adultery of the heart.

But if, in chaster love's despite,
Warm nature catch the known delight ;
While fierce desires tumultuous rise,
And rapture melts thy closing eyes ;
Ah ! be those joys for me design'd,
And let me rush upon thy mind !
To me the burning kiss impart,
On me impress the humid dart,
For me unlock the nectar'd store,
Then sigh, and dream the transport o'er !

Thus with her lov'd idea fraught,
Delusive fancy charms my thought ;
And joining in the flatt'ring cheat,
Willing I hug the dear deceit ;

From fiction real bliss receive,
And all I fondly wish believe;
Nor envy to a husband's arms,
The dull fruition of her charms.

But when, regardless of my truth,
She smiles on some more favor'd youth;
And while he whispers in her ears,
With more than wonted pleasure hears;
My jealous thought his voice supplies,
And reads perdition in her eyes.
Then torn with envy, love, and hate,
I wish her with her wedded mate.

END OF EPISTLES
PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

NOTES

ON

EPISTLES

PANEGYRICAL AND GALLANT.

EPISTLE I.

Page 5. *THE chaste Orinda rose ; with purer light,
Like modest Cynthia, beaming thro' the night :]*

Mrs. Catherine Philips : she was distinguished by most of the wits of king Charles's reign, and died young. Her pieces on friendship are particularly admired. See Epistle xiii. in this volume.

6. *Who can unmov'd hear Winchelsea reveal*

*Thy horrors, spleen ! which all, who paint, must
feel ?]* Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, a

lady of great wit and genius, wrote (among others) a poem, much admired, on the Spleen, and is praised by Mr. Pope, &c. under the poetical name of Ardelia.

ibid. *Hail, Cockburne, hail ! even now from Reason's
bowers*

*Thy Locke delighted culls the choicest flowers
To deck his great, successful champion's head,
And Clarke expects thee in the laurel shade.]*

Mrs. Catherine Cockburne was the wife of a clergyman, lived obscurely, and died a few years ago, in an

advanced age in Northumberland; her works on dramatic, philosophical, and sacred subjects, have been lately collected by the learned Dr. Birch, and are generally admired.

6. ————Manley, Centlivre, and Behn;]

The first of these wrote the scandalous memoirs called *Atalantis*, and the other two are notorious for the indecency of their plays.

7. ————Philips, Pilkington, and Vane,]

These three ladies have endeavoured to immortalize their shame by writing their own memoirs.

ibid. But hark! what Nymph, in Frome's embroider'd
vale,

With strains seraphic swells the vernal gale?

The character of Mrs. Rowe and her writings is too well known to be dwelt on here. It may be sufficient to say, that without any previous illness she met at last with that sudden death for which she had always wished.

ibid. Nor can her noble Friend escape unseen,

Or from the Muse her modest virtues screen;]

Frances, Countess of Hertford, and afterwards Dutchess Dowager of Somerset, Mrs. Rowe's illustrious friend, lamented her death in some verses prefixed to her poems, and was author of the letters in her collection signed *Cleora*.

8. *By generous views one Peeress more demands*

A grateful tribute from all female hands;] Anne,

Viscountess Irwin, and aunt to the present Earl of Carlisle: this lady, in a poetical epistle to Mr. Pope,

has rescued her sex's cause from the aspersions cast on them by that satyrist in his essay on the characters of women.

8. *Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,
By Irwin touch'd with truth's celestial spear.]*

See Milton, book iv. ver. 811.

ibid. *What breast from sighs, what eye from tears re-
frains,*

*When, sweetly-mournful, hapless Wright com-
plains ?]* Mrs. Wright, sister to the famous Wesleys, has published some pieces, which, tho' of a melancholy cast, are written in the genuine spirit of poetry.

9. *In nervous strains, lo! Madan's polish'd taste*

Has poetry's successive progress trac'd,] Mrs. Madan is author of a poem called the Progress of Poetry : wherein the characters of the best Grecian, Roman and English poets are justly and elegantly drawn.

ibid. *Young Leapor's form flies shadowy o'er the
green.]* Mrs. Leapor, daughter to a Northamptonshire gardener, has lately convinced the world of the force of unassisted nature, by imitating and equalling some of our most approved poets, by the strength of her parts, and the vivacity of her genius.

10. *Now bear me, Clio, to that Kentish strand,
Whose rude o'erhanging cliffs and barren sand
May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bowers*

Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,

Thy own Eliza muses on the shore,] Mrs. Eliza Carter, of Deal, well known to the learned world for her late translation of Epictetus, has translated, from the Italian, Algarotti's dialogues on light and colours; and lately published a small collection of elegant poems.

11. *"What magic powers in Celia's numbers dwell,]*
We could not here, with justice, with-hold our tribute of praise from Mrs. Brooke, author of the tragedy of Virginia.

12. *Clio herself, or Ferrar tunes a lay,
Sweet as the darkling Philomel of May.
Haste, haste, ye Nine, and hear a sister sing
The charms of Cynthia, and the joys of spring:]*
This lady (now the wife of Dr. Peckard, the respectable master of Magdalen College, Cambridge) has written two beautiful odes to Cynthia and the Spring.

13. *Nor shall thy much-lov'd Pennington remain
Unsung, unhonor'd in my votive strain.]* Mrs. Pennington has happily imitated Mr. Philips's Splendid Shilling, in a burlesque poem called the Copper Farthing.

*ibid. And, hark! what songstress shakes her warbling
throat?*

Is it the nightingale, or Delia's note?] This lady has written odes to Peace, Health, and the Robin Red-breast, which are here alluded to; and she has been celebrated in a sonnet by Mr. Edwards, author of the Canons of Criticism.

14. *With lovely mien Eugenia now appears,*

The muse's pupil from her tenderest years;] This lady has successfully applied herself to the sister arts of drawing and poetry, and has written an ingenious allegory, wherein two pilgrims, Fidelio and Honoria, after a fruitless search for the palace of Happiness, are at last conducted to the house of Content.

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Page 17. We presume this Epistle to have been addressed by the Author to his Daughter; but if not, Miss SEWARD's claim to the right it asserts will never admit of a doubt.

EPISTLE IV.

Page 27. To joys that Mordaunt,——] Earl of Peterborough, conquerer of Valencia. D.

EPISTLE V.

Page 29. The ingenious writer of this Epistle was shot by a ruffian near Naples, about the month of June, 1753, whilst travelling in his post-chaise.

EPISTLE XI.

Page 45. Or rising from her borrow'd guise,

She struck th' astonish'd Grecian's eyes.]

When Minerva had conducted Telamachus to Ithaca, under the appearance of Old Mentor, she resumed her form and left him.

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EPISTLE XIII.

Page 51. Urania's birth in glittering fiction sung;]

There were two Venuses among the ancients; one called Pandemus, to whom they attributed the love of wild disorderly pleasures; the other named Urania, the patroness and inspirer of Friendship, Knowledge, and Virtue.

52. What shining visions rose on Plato's thought!

While by the Muses gently winding flood,] Ilyssus, a river near Athens, dedicated to the Muses. On the banks of this river, under a plantane, Plato lays the scene of some of his dialogues on love and beauty.

EPISTLE XXII.

Page 82. ————— CONSTANCE flies;] Mrs. Cibber.

83. Though Falstaff should forsake the stage.] Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then quitting it.

EPISTLE XXIV.

Page 87. This temple was erected by Garrick in his garden, on the bank of the Thames, at Hampton.

EPISTLE XXV.

Page 90. Upon the back of this picture, which was sent to a gentleman of the university of Oxford, Mr. Garrick inscribed the following lines:

The mimic form on t'other side,
That you accepted is my pride ;
Resembles one so prompt to change,
Through ev'ry mortal whim to range,
You'd swear the lute so like the case,
The mind as various as the face.
Yet to his friends be this his fame,
His heart's eternally the same.

EPISTLE XXXII.

Page 105. John Dennis the celebrated critic, at the age of almost 77, became blind and overwhelmed with debts. His deplorable situation exciting the compassion of Mr. Thomson, that gentleman procured for him a benefit at the theatre in the Hay-market. The play was the Provoked Husband : and Mr. Pope wrote a Prologue, which was spoken by Theophilus Cibber. The exhibition, however, which produced near 100l. was of but little service, as the unfortunate old man survived but a very short time. A writer of Dennis's Life, asserts these verses to have been the production of Savage.

EPISTLE XXXV.

Page 111. The Author of this Epistle was born at Windsor, (where his father was treasurer and chapter clerk of the college) received his education at Eton and Cambridge, and after studying under Boerhaave, practised physic in London. Towards the close of life he retired to Hampstead, where he died, and was meanly buried. The amiableness of

his temper was a pass-port to the best company, and procured him very general esteem. He was the author of various pieces both of poetry and prose, and was principally concerned in the ninth volume of the *Spectator*.

EPISTLE XLIII.

Page 134. ———— *Sapphira* ————] The name by which Mrs. Barber was known by her friends.

EPISTLE XLV.

Page 137. ———— *Orinda sung.*] The name given to Mrs. Catherine Philips.

EPISTLE XLVII.

Page 139. It appears from this Epistle, that Lady Craven is not the first of her family who has voyaged to Turkey. The fair Traveller to whom this epistle was addressed, was eldest daughter to the Earl of Berkley, and sister to Lady Elizabeth Germaine. She married Sir Thomas Chambers of Hanwell.

EPISTLE XLVIII.

Page 141. The fair Authoress was second daughter of the late Earl of Hardwicke, and afterwards wife of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. she died in child-bed, 1769. These lines were written by her at the age of fourteen and a half.

EPISTLE LXIII.

Page 169. Mary, daughter of General Lepel, and widow of John Lord Hervey. Of this Lady, it was observed by the Earl of Chesterfield to his son, that "She has been all her life at courts; of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness, without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have; and more than any woman need have; for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it. No woman ever had more than she has, *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manieres engageantes et le je ne sais quoi qui plait.*"

THE END.



